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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1915.

Summary of the News

The three British notes, the text of which, as we announced last week, was published on August 4, dealt, respectively, with the American protest of March 30 against the British Orders in Council, with a protest on the procedure of British prize courts, sent from Washington on July 14, and with the seizure of the cargo of the *Neches*, which was the subject of a protest by the United States in a telegram under date of July 15. The first of the British notes was dated July 24 and the other two July 31. Comment on the substance of the notes will be found in our editorial columns.

The general tone of the notes is noticeably friendly and businesslike. By the press of this country they have been received in a similar spirit. With a few exceptions, on the one hand approving, on the other condemning, with little qualification, the general opinion of the press is that, though Sir Edward Grey has made a plausible argument, he has failed to meet squarely or to dispose of the contentions of the United States Government. The question is, however, generally conceded to be justiciable, and emphasis is laid on the distinction that should be drawn between the issue with Great Britain and that with Germany, the one involving property, the other lives of American citizens. The part of Sir Edward Grey's communications which has provoked most unfavorable comment is that which refers to German violations of international law, implying that in these violations may be found justification for extra-legal steps which Britain may have found it expedient to take. The note on the subject of the *Neches* was supplemented orally by the British Embassy in Washington on August 7, when it was explained to the State Department that the ship was not, as had erroneously been understood from the brief wording of the note, taken in reprisal for violations by Germany of the rules of naval warfare, but in accordance with the Orders in Council, the legality of which was defended in the note of July 23.

The latest German note on the case of the William P. Frye was given out for publication by the State Department on August 4. The note maintains the German contention that the destruction of the vessel did not constitute a violation of the Prussian-American treaty of 1799, and proposes that the amount of the indemnity to be paid be determined either by two experts designated respectively by the Governments of Germany and of the United States, or that the differences between the two Governments be submitted to arbitration at The Hague.

Eight British trawlers and eight other vessels have been sunk by German submarines since we wrote last week. Of the latter, four were British, one Belgian, one Danish, and two Swedish. The sinking of a British transport in or near the Dardanelles was reported by the Sayville wireless early last week, but the report has received no confirmation. Dis-

patches from Constantinople on Monday recorded the official announcement that the Turkish battleship *Barbarossa* had been sunk by a submarine of the Allies. The British cruiser *India*, according to the Sayville wireless on Tuesday, has been sunk by a submarine off the coast of Sweden, and from Constantinople on the same day came the report that a submarine of the Allies had been sunk by an aeroplane. The report of the British Board of Trade for July shows that sixty-two British steamers and sailing craft were sunk by German submarines during the month, with the loss of sixty-three lives.

The seizure of the American cotton ship *Dacia* was confirmed by a French prize court on August 4.

The French Chamber of Deputies on August 6 passed a bill carrying an appropriation of 120,000,000 francs to be used in the purchase of wheat and flour to feed the civilian population.

The Russian Duma on August 3 unanimously adopted a resolution declaring it to be the Empire's determination not to conclude peace before victory should be complete and pledging the willing assistance of the entire population for the creation of fresh means for continuing the struggle.

We allude elsewhere to the revelations in the second Belgian Gray Book, published on August 3, according to which Herr von Jagow, the German Foreign Secretary, in April, 1914, had made proposals to the French Ambassador in Berlin for the partition of the Belgian Congo. The text of this note was published in the *New York Times* of August 7.

With the fall of Warsaw, which took place on August 6, and the elimination for a considerable time to come of the armies of Russia as an aggressive force, the attitude which may be taken by the Balkan states becomes of increasing importance. Representations regarding the political situation were made to M. Gounaris, the Greek Premier, last week, when the British, French, Russian, and Italian Ministers at Athens made a collective visit to him, presumably with a view to inducing Greece to cede to Bulgaria that portion of Macedonia which came under Greek rule after the second Balkan war. Strong pressure has also been brought to bear on Servia by a similar Ministerial visitation to the Premier, to induce her to give up the Macedonian territory under her rule which Bulgaria demands. Dispatches from London on Monday asserted that Servia had yielded to the pressure of the Allies, but that Greece was still recalcitrant, opposing the suggestion that she should surrender Kavala to Bulgaria. Hope, however, is expressed that the Greek policy may be changed after the reassembling of Parliament, when M. Venizelos will presumably have been restored to power. The attitude of Rumania, apparently, remains anti-German, but not definitely pro-Ally. Count Reventlow, in a recent article, warned his compatriots that they must abandon any hope of attaching Rumania to their cause, stigmatizing her neutrality as "malevolent" on account of her refusal to permit exports of grain or the passage through her territory of munitions for the Turks.

Seventy-five lives were lost and damage to property to the extent of some \$6,000,000 was caused by a cloudburst in Erie, Pa., on August 3.

The domestication of the Moose seems to continue. Two more prominent members of the Progressive party, Frederick M. Davenport and Chauncey J. Hamlin, last week followed the example of Theodore Douglas Robinson in announcing their reentry into the Republican fold.

That the Administration is determined not to abandon its fight for the Ship Purchase bill was made evident by a letter from Secretary McAdoo last week to the president of a Southern chamber of commerce, in which he pleaded for the support of the South for the measure on the ground that an adequate number of American ships would have maintained both the price and the foreign markets for cotton.

The result of conferences last week in regard to the Mexican situation of representatives of the United States and of Brazil, Argentina, Chili, Bolivia, Uruguay, and Guatemala, was the decision that individual appeals from each state should be addressed to the warring factions of Mexico. Secretary Lansing on Monday stated that "we have reached a stage where a very definite policy has been decided on." Gen. Carranza apparently is unappreciative of the Pan-American efforts that are being made on behalf of his country. The Guatemalan Minister was expelled from Mexico on August 7 and the Brazilian Minister was withdrawn by his Government on Monday because, it was stated, Carranza was prepared to accord him similar treatment.

The situation in Hayti is apparently under control. Rear-Admiral Caperton has reported that business conditions throughout the island are improving on account of renewed confidence on the part of the native officials as to the intentions of the United States towards the country. The Presidential election, which was to have been held on Sunday, was postponed. Gen. Bobo, the revolutionist leader, according to dispatches to the Navy and State Departments, has resigned as chief executive, dismissed his Cabinet, and ordered his generals in the north to deposit their arms with the American authorities at Cape Haytien. The entire Administration of the island has been taken over, temporarily, by the United States Government.

Bernardino Machado was elected by Congress President of the Republic of Portugal on August 6.

The Cabinet crisis in Japan has been settled. The Premier, Count Okuma, it was announced on August 8, at the request of the Emperor, has decided to withdraw his resignation and has re-formed his Cabinet. Following the example of Mr. Asquith at the time of the now almost forgotten Ulster crisis, when he tided over a difficult period by himself assuming the Secretaryship of War, Count Okuma becomes for the time being his own Foreign Minister, Baron Kato having declined to retain the portfolio.

The Week

Several, not joint, is to be the form of the Pan-American appeal to the warring Mexicans. The effect will be much the same. If Brazil and Argentina and Chili, Uruguay and Bolivia and Guatemala, make their representations to Carranza and the others separately, the result will be very like dispatching an identic note. At the same time, the South American Governments could avoid the appearance of making themselves a mere tail to the United States kite. They could allege their own initiative and their entire independence. Either way, the strength of the movement, both in its immediate purpose and as exhibiting a harmonious understanding among the American republics, would be very marked. President Wilson is reported to be greatly encouraged by the ready coöperation which he has secured from the South Americans. It is really a fine stroke of policy, and will have a lasting influence. From the field of civil strife in Mexico come conflicting stories. The weakened and fading factions in the north under Villa are naturally willing to confer to bring about peace. In behalf of Carranza, who seems to be winning everywhere, it is stated that he is ready to come to terms, in a military sense, with any or all of the chiefs opposing him. If they stop fighting, he will! But he makes the point that he should not be asked to step aside until, by military "decree," he has enacted the reforms for which the revolution has contended. Directly after that, he would summon Congress and arrange for a Presidential election. Bearing in mind Mexican historic precedents, as embodied in Comonfort and Juarez, there is some force in this plea. To deal with it wisely will task Pan-American diplomacy.

The details of the alleged offers of the Kaiser to the Czar were scarcely credible, and, even if tentatively put forward, were easy to repudiate, if necessary. No direct approach of the German Government to the Russian seems probable at this time. Yet the thing is in the air. The Russian armies have been driven back as were the French last autumn. By so much, Germany is in the position of a conqueror, entitled to propose terms of what the Emperor William calls "an honorable peace." It is not in the least likely that anything which may yet have been advanced, in a roundabout way, would be acceptable to Russia. But it is undeniable that the German public has been prepared for the idea of making offers to the Russians

which they could at least consider. The various hints and suggestions which have appeared in German newspapers within the past two months look that way. And the general tone of the talk has been that, after all, there is no reason why Germany and Russia should not agree to live and let live. There are no fundamental causes of lasting enmity between the two peoples, it is said. Minor grounds of estrangement and quarrel could be disposed of, if only there were good will on both sides, etc. Why not go back to Bismarck's policy of maintaining a firm friendship with Russia?

Regarding such approaches to Russia, two things are to be said. They are a singular retreat from the anti-Russian fury of the German press at the beginning of the war. Then we heard of nothing but the barbarian hordes bent on spreading an Asiatic *Kultur* over all Europe. The spectre of Slav domination was used to affright the world, while justifying Germany. There could be no security for the civilization of Western Europe till the Muscovite power was forever broken. Pages could be filled with the outcries of this kind then so common and so shrill in Germany. Now all this is to be forgotten, and Germans are again to be accustomed to the thought of living in good understanding with their neighbor to the east. Such changes in national passions in war time are not unexampled, but the Russians show no signs of being greatly impressed by them. The second point to be made against expecting the recent rumors of peace between Germany and Russia to come to anything definite is the plain fact that the Russians are not yet reduced to such desperation that they feel compelled to undergo a national humiliation. And as such would be felt the acceptance of any offers coming from Germany that have yet been hinted at. Besides tearing up her treaty agreement with France and England not to make a separate peace, Russia would have to put a bitter cup to her own lips. That she will do either, so long as she has the power to resist, is not to be believed.

In one thing at least English professors surpass the German: they say what they think about their Government's position in any given international controversy. We have before had occasion to point out the fact that several English authorities on international law have dissented from the views of blockade held by Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey. In the last number of the *Quarterly Review* there is an article by Dr.

John P. Bate, in which he upholds at several points the protest of the United States Government against the British Order in Council. Thus he writes, apropos of the claim of right to seize goods consigned to a neutral port, on the ground that their ultimate destination may be Germany: "This is not permissible in the case of non-contraband goods." Likewise of the asserted right of British ships to "seizure of innocent, neutral-owned goods in a neutral ship trading between neutral ports, if the goods be of enemy origin," Dr. Bate declares: "This is an almost unheard-of claim." We merely add that he has been recognized for years as an expert in international law, both at Oxford and in the University of London. His courage in speaking out against the contentions of his own Government in time of war is noteworthy: the freedom to do so which he enjoys in England is still more so. This is an English possession which we can imagine even German professors coveting.

"A ridiculous invention" was the first characterization in Berlin of a disclosure made in the new Belgian Gray Book. This was to the effect that the German Minister for Foreign Affairs had proposed to the French Ambassador, early last year, a division of the Belgian Congo. Herr von Jagow was also reported to have said to M. Cambon that the day of small nationalities had passed. Only the big Powers could be considered in the matter, especially, of colonization and seizure of land in Africa or elsewhere. All this was vehemently denied in the earliest dispatches from Germany, but, on second thoughts, the *Norddeutscher Zeitung* admits that there may have been something in it. It concedes that there were negotiations of the general tenor alleged, and that the German Foreign Office held the view that "perhaps the Congo would be an appropriate subject for general agreements." But there was no intention of violating Belgian rights. Herr von Jagow merely believed that Belgium would be "unable financially to meet the requirements," and that it "generally was doubtful whether the small countries were financially strong enough to administer large colonies." For a denial, this is about as strong a confirmation as could be asked. In connection with it, the rumor comes that Herr von Jagow is to be dismissed from office. This need not be credited in order to make one believe that he has fallen out of favor. Both in this proposal relating to Belgian Congo and in the negotiations preceding the war he committed the unpardonable diplomatic sin of telling the truth.

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From recent official dispatches, supplemented by the story of the last few hours of Russian rule in Warsaw sent by the correspondent of the *London Times*, it appears that the evacuation of the Polish capital was due less to the immediate danger of envelopment for the Russian army than to a desire to avoid a bombardment of Warsaw. On August 4 the suburbs of Warsaw were in flames, the explosions of shells were visible from the Vistula, and the city itself was bombarded from the air. An army might have maintained itself in the Polish capital for some days, but the havoc wrought would have been out of all proportion to the advantages gained. That the fall of the city might have been delayed is arguable from the very stubborn resistance made by the Russian lines to the northeast of the capital in the Lomza and Ostrow region guarding the Warsaw-Petrograd railway. This fact is admitted in the Berlin dispatches. Accordingly, it would seem that where there is an important military object to be gained, the Russians are still in condition to offer fairly serious resistance, though it is not a question of checking the enemy but only of delay measured in days. The situation as a whole is clearly developing towards a linking up of the Germans around Warsaw with the forces of Gen. Woysch on the middle Vistula and of Gen. Mackensen coming from the south, to be followed by an attempted advance east of the Vistula.

It is now almost exactly six months since the German Admiralty proclaimed its submarine "blockade" of Great Britain, and announced that "every hostile merchantman . . . will be destroyed." What are the net results of military value? One great aim of the campaign was to cut off supplies from England—especially foodstuffs. Without imported food, England would starve. Thus the English threat of starving out Germany was to be retorted. Yet during the first five months of submarine activity in British waters, the official figures of imports show that 100,000 tons more of foodstuffs were received in England than during the corresponding five months of 1914. This does not look as if the German plan of reducing England by starvation were succeeding any better than the British scheme to leave Germany with only half enough food to live on. As for the actual destruction of British shipping—virtually all of it insured, by the way, so that the owners lose nothing—it is variously estimated, but is surely less than one per cent. of the vessels actually coming and going through the war zone. *Lloyd's Regis-*

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ter has recently issued the quarterly returns of new ships—leaving out men-of-war—under construction in British yards at the end of June. The total is 1,500,000 tons. The tonnage of the ships sunk by the Germans is a little over 200,000. Thus the British mercantile marine is not exactly disappearing. In fact, despite the submarines, the year has been one of large profits for shipowners.

Count Reventlow points out that the alliance against Germany now comprises Russia, England, France, Belgium, Servia, Italy, Japan, and Geography; and that only to the last named ally can be attributed such successes as have been scored against Germany on the sea:

How must it be with British reliance [says Count Reventlow] when the First Lord of the Admiralty boasts of having driven German trade off the seas? That is less due to the accomplishments of the British fleets than to the geographical configuration of the North Sea. The British Isles dominate the exits, making barriers for trade remarkably easy.

It is plain that if the North Sea were as big as the Pacific, or Germany were situated off the coast of Tasmania, things would be different. For the nation of *Realpolitik*, for a people that scorns sentimentalities when it comes to the business of war, and insists on hard facts, it is rather odd to complain against the North Sea being where it is. It is the German way of using science to make a special case. We have been told that the war was a biological necessity for Germany, because she has seventy million people, and a geographical necessity because Germany lies where it does. The invasion of Belgium was also justified by geography. Germany's ultimate triumph is a physiological necessity, because of her superior nervous organization, and a psychological necessity because of the will to conquer. But England must be denied the consolations of science. However, the laws of logic must not be too strictly enforced amidst the clash of arms. So *Gott strafe* the Glacial Period, or whatever it was that made the North Sea.

The decline in immigration as a result of the war in Europe naturally suggested itself as the readiest explanation for the showing of the recent census in New York State. From Federal sources now comes specific confirmation. In the fiscal year 1913-14, the excess of immigration over emigration was 584,575. For the year ending last July, the surplus of immigration over emigration is a bare fifty thousand. Thus the addition of more than a half million to our permanent

population was prevented by the war. Since so large a part of the alien stream is diverted to the ports of entry, and principally to New York city, the loss was immediately noticed there. Abroad they are discussing the social consequences of the losses of the battlefield. In England they are speculating on the results of a death-list of half a million adult workers, though the actual death-list for Great Britain as yet falls far short of 100,000. Here, on the contrary, the decline in adult labor is already a fact. There is little prospect of an end to the war before 1916, and it will be some time after peace before the stream of immigration sets in again. In other words, by the summer of 1916 this country will have at least a million less workers than it would have had if there had been no war. The subtraction of such a fraction of our supply of labor will be felt, though the war, in all its consequences, has brought such confusion that the effects will probably not be so clearly marked as if the same phenomenon had occurred in times of peace.

A study of the fall in immigration by countries throws light on various phases of the great conflict in Europe. Thus we have heard much of the failure of Ireland to rally to the Allied cause, and there have been stories of the emigration of great numbers of young Irishmen for the purpose of avoiding enlistment and possibly conscription. Yet there has been a falling off in Irish immigration of 10,000 from the figures of some 25,000 for last year, or a decline of 40 per cent., whereas immigration from England has declined only 37 per cent. The most extraordinary decline has been in Italian immigration, a fall of 238,000 from last year's total of 284,000, or more than 80 per cent. Undoubtedly, the Italian Government checked emigration by calling men to the colors, though Italy's participation came only within the last two months of the year in question. Yet it is hard to escape the impression that many thousands of Italians remained at home in anticipation of war, presumably out of a sense of patriotic duty. If we wish, we can read into this fact a proof of the popularity of the war against Austria. On the other hand, it would appear that from the Russian and Hapsburg Empires, participants in the war from the beginning, the emigration fell off only 50 per cent.

The story of the feeding of Belgium has been told only in fragments and impres-

sions. For the first time the spirit and machinery of what is probably the greatest charitable enterprise in history have been systematically described in a special supplement of *The New Republic* by Mabel Hyde Kittredge, whose narrative, for all its avoidance of rhetoric, lays a strong hold on the emotions. The problem has been one of bringing food to a people of seven millions beleaguered with armies. Be it said to the credit of human nature that there is one task to which the spirit of self-sacrifice and the talents of efficiency will rally as quickly as to the call of war, and that is when the calamity of a city or a nation calls upon the pity of the world. Several generations have gone into the fashioning of that German "preparedness" which has awed the world. Only a few months of preparedness created the machinery of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, which functions with a precision and effectiveness that the German General Staff cannot but admire. And it is a legitimate source of pride for us that American enterprise has taken the lead in this vast undertaking, in mapping out the routes and channels of charity, from the departure of the grain ships from our ports through the Dutch harbors and the Belgian canals, into the mills, the bakeshops, and the eager hands of the Belgian people.

The belief is probably current that the Belgians themselves are doing little for their own salvation. Miss Kittredge's report shows this to be quite untrue. The only way in which Belgians have been remiss is in the flight of a large section of the well-to-do population during the early days of panic. Were these refugees to return, the benefit would be marked, materially and spiritually. But the prosperous citizens who have remained have given generously of their time and means. Ten million dollars have been contributed to the funds of the Commission by Belgians. The rich pay for their food, including a profit on it; the working classes of small means pay the actual cost—\$1.80 a month will keep one human being alive; the destitute receive food free. The actual task of distributing food and clothing is entirely in the hands of the Comité National de Secours—the Belgians themselves—which operates in 32,000 communal centres. This much should also be said for the conquerors of the country: that they have given every facility for the distribution of relief. The only special passes issued by the Germans for free movement throughout Belgium are those given to members and agents of the Commission. Auto-

mobiles, says Miss Kittredge, are now used in Belgium only by German officers, the American Minister, and the Relief Commission.

A billion bushels of wheat, another billion of oats, and three billion bushels of corn, and on top of this prospect a decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission that is expected to grant an increase in freight rates to the grain-carrying roads of the Northwest: such is the picture of prosperity that is unveiled by recent dispatches. If the present forecast proves correct, we shall produce more oats and corn than last year, and more wheat than ever before. Yet it was last year's crops—and prices—that are primarily responsible for this year's excellent outlook, for the farmers have planted 10,000,000 acres more for this year than last in the three crops named. The decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission will come in good time to insure to some extent that "passing of prosperity around" that was demanded so vehemently at the last election, although those who raised the cry were not thinking particularly of the railways. Now, as a year ago, however, it is Europe that is most vitally interested in our agricultural good-fortune.

"Yesterday was the Progressive party's third birthday."—[New York Sun, August 7.] At three years the bull moose (*Alces machilis americanus*) usually reaches his full natural growth. His antlers have attained their characteristic form; that is, they project on each side at right angles to the middle line of the skull, and after a short distance divide in a fork-like manner (*Encyclopædia Britannica*), some pointing in a Republican direction, and some in a Democratic direction (not the *Encyclopædia Britannica*). The antlers, which constitute the main offensive weapon of the bull moose, flatten out very markedly by the end of the third year (*Britannica*), from which it would appear that the survival of the animal after that period depends less on its native powers than on diplomacy (not the *Britannica*). The usual pace is a shambling trot, but when pressed, the elk, or moose, break into a gallop (*Britannica*), with a tendency to take shelter in their native Republican "moose-yard" (not the *Britannica*). In America the elk is known as the moose, and the former name is transferred to the wapiti deer (*Britannica*), but in American politics the name moose is assumed or disregarded according to the fluctuations of the direct primary. (Loud cries of "Nature-faker!")

Details of the purely American drama recently produced in the public square at Temple, Texas, show a very unusual consideration for the dramatic unities. It was given under the open sky and staged in the public square. The audience, on foot and in automobiles, packed every square inch, but called for no interference on the part of the police, who apparently were greatly gratified by the entertainment. Boys of all ages climbed the trees of the square and cheered and applauded, and, so the *Houston Post* assures us, "many girls of tender age" were "scattered through the throng." The title of the play was "Spurning the Law," and the chief actor was a young negro, twenty-six years old, who played the unusual rôle of being burned alive. The large supporting company "yelled and cheered," just as if they had rehearsed their parts many times, "as they shoved the negro into the flames." So realistically was this all done that "the onlookers were fascinated," particularly when the chief actor was again and again thrust back upon the pyre, and the great throng did not disperse until the remnants of the charred body were hung to a telegraph pole. We miss in the account any details as to the moving-picture artists, but we are sure that they were present, and that we shall all have the opportunity to have the same treat in the movies ere long. And every spectator, we are sure, went back to his home rejoicing at the triumph of righteousness, and at this fresh demonstration of the superiority of our own civilization to that of Hayti and Santo Domingo.

Japan's latest Cabinet crisis repeated the previous one, and it is this fact that must give her people special concern. Bribery is an ugly word, and would be thought of as the last infirmity of Samurai or of those still within the shadow of that noble tradition. Opposers of Western ideas, if there are any left, must be finding in these untoward Ministerial developments confirmation of their worst forebodings. To such persons as these, it would seem a grim joke to suggest that Japan can be truly Western only by having occasional scandals in high places, but there is more than pleasantry in the observation. Japan would be favored of Heaven indeed if she could adopt a form of government and escape new perils while obtaining new advantages. She need not fear for the future either of herself, or of Cabinet Government, so long as scandal brings disaster to the Ministry guilty of it.

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THE BRITISH REJOINDER.

In order to get a full understanding of why the note of the British Government, made public last week, is unsatisfactory, it is necessary to go back to the previous correspondence between Washington and London. In especial must one carefully read over again the protest sent by our State Department to Ambassador Page on March 30. This gave the considered objections of our Government to the Order in Council establishing a novel form of blockade, and undertaking to prevent the transportation of all goods, whether contraband or not, to and from Germany. The grounds of objection were, in substance, these: (1) An Order in Council was simply municipal law, as distinguished from international, and England could not expect foreign nations to be bound by it. (2) The blockade was, on its face, but partial. "The Scandinavian and Danish ports . . . are free . . . to carry on trade with German Baltic ports." Yet it is of the essence of a valid blockade that it must "bear with equal severity upon all neutrals." (3) The refusal to allow innocent shipments to neutral countries, on the plea that they might reach belligerent territory, was, in effect, a blockade of neutral ports.

Now, in answer to these complaints and protests Sir Edward Grey admits that an Order in Council cannot rank with or supersede public law, but states his belief that British prize courts will be governed by international precedents, and points out that, if they are not, aggrieved Americans can appeal to the Privy Council or push their claims before a tribunal of arbitration. This is virtually confession with a weak show of avoidance. Nor does Sir Edward deny that the Baltic ports are open to neutral traders so situated that they have access to them. Yet in his original notification of a blockade he spoke of *all* German ports. If the British Order in Council had limited itself to notifying a blockade of Hamburg and Bremen, it might now be justly asserted that the blockade is effective. But with the Baltic ports open, it cannot. Finally, Sir Edward Grey frankly concedes that British ships are virtually blockading neutral ports. He even uses the words. So doing, he warrants and confirms the protest of our Department of State, that the British Government was proceeding in violation of "a rule sanctioned by general practice."

In its attempt to break the force of this charge, the British rejoinder alleges certain precedents set up in the blockade during our

Civil War. The cases cited are familiar. They do, indeed, prove, as Sir Edward Grey asserts, that the law of blockade was greatly contributed to by the decisions of American courts. And in some of these there is an apparent conflict in the principles laid down. Our Government points to the Peterhof case; Sir Edward adduces, as was expected, the Springbok. Into both of them very nice questions enter. The former seems to safeguard the rights of neutral trade; the other to override them. The law of contraband is somewhat uncertain, and it was involved in both cases. International lawyers may or may not be able to reconcile the two decisions; but we venture to say that in neither of them can any legal justification be found for the methods of interfering with neutral commerce which the British Admiralty has pursued.

Sir Edward Grey comes very near to conceding this. He points out, correctly enough, that British naval commanders have been solicitous of human life. He also recalls the pains taken by the Order in Council to provide due compensation for any neutral goods unlawfully detained. But the real question is, of course, what does international law say to all this? In his answer, Sir Edward Grey reasons like a German. The law of nations is all very well, but it is a fluid thing, and has to be "adapted to new conditions" as they arise in warfare, each belligerent being the sole judge of his own conduct. This is exactly the way in which the German Foreign Office argued, at first, about submarines. The similarity goes further, for Sir Edward Grey reminds our Government that the measures to which it objects were adopted by England only as a form of "reprisals" against Germany. To this the response is obvious. Reprisals against the enemy are no excuse for wrongs to neutrals. And any Government that pleads the justification of reprisals, in the very act confesses that its course, so far as it involves neutrals, cannot be defended legally. We said that to Germany; why should we not now say it to England?

The British note is as friendly as one could wish, but it does not clear up the issue with our Government. What we have contended for goes to the heart of the rights of neutrals in time of war, and our State Department cannot do other than press its views upon the British Government again with all earnestness. As in our controversy with Germany, we are bound to protest against the sweeping away of lawful restraints upon belligerents, and to do all in

our power to maintain the privileges and immunities of neutrals. Happily, the matters in dispute with Great Britain are by no means of so grave a nature as those which have disturbed our relations with Germany. How strong will be the representations which our Government may feel under obligation to proceed to make to Great Britain, we do not know. It may not be necessary to do more than renew its solemn notification of March 30. This was that it expected the British Government to be "prepared to make full reparation for every act which, under the rules of international law, constitutes a violation of neutral rights."

THE FALL OF WARSAW.

Within a year, almost to an hour, since the Kaiser's troops began the attack on Liège, the German army has brought to a successful conclusion the longest sustained campaign of the war and the greatest, if measured in terms of men engaged and the visible results of victory. Two other campaigns outran it in ultimate importance. Had the Allies been beaten on the Marne last September, the war would possibly have been over by this time, very much on Germany's own terms. Had the Kaiser's armies broken the Allied line around Ypres in October and November, the same conclusion might have been reached by this time, or at least peace on terms favorable to Germany would have been much nearer than it is to-day. And yet it would be idle to deny the importance of the latest German achievement, both in a material and in a moral sense. Russian Poland is to-day lost to the Czar, with the exception of portions of the provinces of Siedlce, Suwalki, and Kovno. If we add Courland, the Austro-Germans are in possession of more than 60,000 square miles of territory, with a population of 15,000,000, together with Warsaw, the third city of the empire, and, as may happen at any time, Riga, the sixth city of the empire, and its principal Baltic port. If the conquest of nearly all of Belgium and several thousand square miles of French territory be counted, it is plain how in actual figures the balance shows enormously on the credit side of the German ledger.

The moral effects of the German achievement are equally unmistakable, whether we consider public opinion at home, among the enemy nations, or among neutrals. The effect on popular opinion of specific and tangible victory or defeat must count. The Allies to-day are visibly under the depressing

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influence of the unbroken tide of Teuton success of the last three months. Bulgaria, which holds the key to the Balkan situation, seems determined to remain neutral, unless the Allies, under the stimulus of defeat, concede much more than they have so far been willing to do. From Greece comes news of a subsidence of pro-Ally sentiment. Rumania, to be sure, is being severely scolded by the German press, and, if the Italian parallel holds, this would argue Rumania's inclination to side with the Allies; but here, too, Warsaw may engender second thoughts.

Within Germany the stimulating effects of victory are bound to be intensified by the reflection that success has been won on the nation's second wind. At the outbreak of the war it was conceded by Allied sympathizers that in a short war Germany might win. But they also asserted the opposite, that the failure of a swift German offensive meant the certainty of German defeat. It was argued that the German military machine was built for swift and crushing victory; with hope deferred it would disintegrate. At the Marne and around Ypres the second alternative seemed to have been established. But in the test of endurance which set in, Germany has shown that she can not merely hold out in an obstinate deadlock, but that after one check she can gather herself for a renewed attack. After the Marne, Germany was supposed to face the problem of starvation. She has lived through the year and wins her most notable victories of the war on the eve of a new harvest. It is to be shown, of course, whether the crop of 1915, raised and gathered under adverse conditions, will equal the harvest of 1914; but, at any rate, the problem is deferred for many months.

Of the ultimate military results of the Galician and Polish campaign it is impossible to speak with such confidence for Germany. It has been assumed that Germany will now turn her attention to the western front, but it is by no means certain that the campaign against Russia will not be continued in the hope of beating the Czar to his knees and forcing a separate peace. If the Kaiser moves elsewhere, it is still a question where he will strike first—at Servia, at Italy, or in Belgium and France. For here is the difficulty which the Teuton cause must face, and here is the basis for the Allies' hope of ultimate victory. Whichever way he turns, the Kaiser gives his enemies a chance for increase of strength or recuperation. If he goes west, Russia obtains a breathing spell of which she will make good use. If he continues in his assault on Russia, he gives time

for the development of the new British armies with which in the last resort the hope of Allied victory lies.

More than ever the war resolves itself into a test of nerves, as Gen. Hindenburg put it last winter. If the league of the Allies can be maintained unbroken under defeat, the odds are still greatly against the Kaiser. If Russia, though beaten, chooses to remember that she has contributed to the common cause by making the Teuton allies pay as dearly as possible for victory; if Italy, should the next blow be directed against her, can stand firm in the same expectation of ultimate good, it is hard to see how the German resources can remain unimpaired for the decisive test with the British and French armies.

THE STRAIN OF WAR.

Statements of Finance Ministers in various of the belligerent countries were given out last week. As to them all, there is an unavoidable suspicion of "bluff." The facts are not covered up. There need be no question of the sincerity with which it is affirmed that the nations will cheerfully bear even more back-breaking loads. But in what M. Ribot tells us of French finances, Mr. Asquith of English, the Minister of Finance in Petrograd of Russian, and Herr Helfferich of German, it is impossible not to feel that there is something deeper than the words used. The sums of money dealt with are of such magnitude that they become meaningless to the mind. England has floated a loan of \$3,000,000,000, but this will last only till next Christmas—hardly so long, in fact! Germany has soon to go to her people for another two billions or so. This war has long since left off thinking in hundred millions. Treasure, supplies, human life—all are subject to exhaustion at a gigantic rate. *Guerre d'usure*, the French call the trench-fighting. But what is being used up is not only soldiers: it is the ultimate resources of the nations at war.

Attempts to hide this truth are vain. Statesmen may seek to paint color of rose. The press may be drilled to a parrot-like optimism. Even the people who suffer may be moved by patriotic feeling to say that the hurt is nothing. But the ghastly wounds which have been inflicted upon the national life are visible under the bandages. And they are becoming more gangrenous every week. All the shifts, all the recourses, all the saving and the skilled organizing—yes, and all the heroic endurance—cannot pre-

vent the eye of common-sense from perceiving that a perfectly enormous wastage of blood and wealth is draining the vitality of the belligerents.

Some remarkably frank utterances on this subject were recently made by the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. They had a double significance, appearing as they did in a newspaper holding such close relations to German banking and the great commerce. The text for its remarks it found in the debate in the House of Lords, when it was said that the huge war-loans, piled up on each other, pointed straight to the bankruptcy of Europe, and to possible revolution on top of that. The *Frankfurter* echoed this word. To be sure, as in duty bound, it made out a worse case for England than for Germany. Besides, Germany might count upon victory to yield her a great indemnity in money; while in England every hope of that kind had long since been buried. This is an example of the "bluff" of which we spoke above; all the warring nations furnish samples of it. But in the following from the *Frankfurter Zeitung* there is no bluff: there is a true and courageous account of what is actually going on in Germany, despite all that we have been told of the marvellous power of German "organization" in wringing prosperity out of war:

Our productive labor has in good part shrunk away, while millions of the most skilled men are now diverted into manufacture of war supplies. And what we make is no longer productive goods which till now meant new values and an enlargement of our national wealth. Where we formerly built houses, factories, machines, canals, merchant ships, now we produce only war material of every kind; the work of our hands disappears in the air as powder and lead. We are using up our resources, our capital. . . . We save, but we create no new reserves. . . . Unless reason comes to the countries of Europe, we are steering for European bankruptcy. The saying of the English Lords, as we have explained it, we accept.

A sort of side-light on this article of the Frankfort newspaper is to be found in one printed at about the same time in the *Berliner Tageblatt*. It is entitled, "The World Market after the War," and discusses the good chance that Germany will have to regain and even enlarge her foreign trade. Hope is pinned to the superior organizing and technical ability of Germans. English competition is dismissed on the ground that England's manufacturers are without initiative and far behind the times in their methods. As for the Americans, Germany has no reason to fear them as rivals in foreign markets, since their high-tariff taxes and their imperfect system of banking and

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credits leave them outpaced. Now, all this may or may not be true, but what is the underlying and ominous assumption? Why, that the vast and growing foreign commerce of Germany has been cut off by the war. Professor Ashley has shown what a disaster this necessarily is to the economic life and industrial system of Germany. That has happened which Prince von Bülow predicted a couple of years ago would happen, if Germany engaged in a war into which England might be drawn. That is to say, the "future on the sea," to secure which Germany has been straining every nerve, became in one day a source of terrible loss. That German business men are fully aware of this is shown by the way in which they are considering, as the *Tageblatt* represents them, how they may painfully win back, when peace comes, a part of what they had securely in their grasp before the war.

We do not allege that this strain upon Germany is more severe than that upon France. Relatively, it may not be more so than that upon Russia—"inépuisable en hommes et en blé," as Anatole France has lately called her. To date, it is undeniably greater than that felt in England. But all the nations at war are alike in having the sword thrust into their vitals. No prophesying of smooth things by any of them can hide the fact. If peace were to come to-morrow, it would require a generation to repair the devastations of a single year. And if peace is long delayed, who can say to what unbearable miseries the hostile countries may not be brought?

FOREIGN MASTERS OF ENGLISH.

Maarten Maartens reached his highest fame early in his career, in the 'nineties of the last century, though he continued to publish novels until within two or three years ago. We speak of fame here in its gross sense of filling the public eye through the columns of literary "chat" and appreciation. Of his popularity in the sense of being read by the masses we should be inclined to think there has been no great diminution. Such books as "God's Fool" and "The Sin of Joost Avelingh" have the quality of popular life which is independent of contemporary chatter. If one were to judge of Kipling's public to-day by this standard of literary gossip one would say that his readers have decreased enormously, whereas we have the authority of his publishers and the libraries that Kipling is more widely read than ever. For that matter, the test by gossip would

work out the same way for Dickens and Walter Scott, who are intensely more alive than one would gather from the chroniques of young and advanced critics. Yet because of the habit of thinking in terms of press notices, it is true that Maarten Maartens is most often referred to nowadays less as a writer of eminent merit than as a prestidigitateur, a foreigner who performed the notable feat of writing English literature like an Englishman. The situation, of course, was sufficiently piquant. A native of Holland, he wrote, in English, novels of Dutch life, and had them translated into Dutch. To add to the international flavor, nearly all of his writing was done on the Continent, in France, in Switzerland, and, we believe, in Germany.

A greater English novelist than Maartens (the name comes easier than the formal Van der Poorten-Schwartz) has suffered from something of the same generous but rather unsatisfying admiration for his performances as a feat. This is, of course, Joseph Conrad, whom some enthusiasts would place at the head of living writers in England, and who unquestionably does stand in the first rank. Conrad's achievement in the conquest of the English tongue is a much greater one than that of Maartens. The latter had his education as a boy in England, and, for that matter, mere geographical proximity would make it more natural for a Dutchman to turn to English. In the case of Conrad, a native of Poland, the only advantage seems to have been that his father was an admirer of British institutions. The fact remains that Conrad was nearly forty before he wrote his first English novel, after picking up his first knowledge of the tongue from English newspapers, in the course of an active career as shipmaster in the seven seas. Master though he is of one of the richest styles in contemporary English literature, a style of mingled subtlety and vigor, of dim half-tones and gorgeous phrases, it is yet possible to detect in Conrad the foreign manner. He does not lack ease in the sense of being over-formal, and yet there is a stately march to his prose which reveals foreign cadences; there is an absence of the slipshod liberties which the best of writers will take with his native tongue. This effect would be less noticeable if Conrad's dialogue were not so small a part of his stories. In his brief, ejaculatory, almost parenthetical, sailor talk, he makes one completely forget his foreign origin.

Far less attention than has fallen to the share of Conrad on the technical side has been given to a British poet of international

fame whose achievement is none the less remarkable. Rabindranath Tagore does not compose in English, but he is his own translator out of the original Bengali, and the effect is almost as if he had an equal hereditary claim to the English language with those other eminent natives of India, William Makepeace Thackeray and Rudyard Kipling. To be sure, Rabindranath Tagore, as against Conrad, has at least two advantages. In Bengal he must have acquired the language of the English masters of the country. But more important is the fact that as a poet, primarily putting his verse and tales into a poetic prose, he is not subjected to the same comparison as Conrad must be with the established genius of English prose. The rich harmonies of Conrad seem appropriate enough in a professedly poetic style. Whatever may be the cause, the fact remains that one actually finds in Tagore less of the foreign flavor than in Conrad, if one makes allowances for the exotic nature of his themes. Taking Conrad and Tagore, it is interesting to compare them with a native Englishman, Hilaire Belloc, publicist, novelist, politician, and historian. Belloc's father was of French birth, and Belloc himself, between school and Oxford, served in the French army. At any rate, his style shows the foreign manner to a very marked degree, and it would be easy to point out actual Gallicisms in a style that is among the best now to be seen in England.

Other languages and literatures, no doubt, can show instances of mastery won by writers of foreign birth. In France we presume the most notable example is that of the poet, José Maria de Heredia, a native of Cuba, though half his parentage was French, whose "Trophées" have been acclaimed as the most perfect sonnets in the French language, and who by this single work won a place in the Academy. On general considerations, the French tongue should be the easiest literature to show the largest number of alien practitioners, since it is the language most cultivated in foreign countries, and is so closely bound to the other Romance languages. Probably among writers of ordinary rank the French language can make this showing, but not among writers of eminence, Maeterlinck, of course, not entering into the problem.

In this country pure literature can cite no such instances as Joseph Conrad, Maartens, or Tagore. But among publicists we have the notable example of Carl Schurz, who came to America at the age of twenty-three, his education completed. Schurz's mastery of English has been described by

one competent to judge as an extraordinary intellectual achievement. In journalism there is the case of Joseph Pulitzer, who came to this country at the age of seventeen and whose trenchant editorial style has left its mark on popular journalism. Of college professors from abroad who are writing in workmanlike English there are a good many, but we cannot think of one who writes with that mastery which the English examples show.

OUR GERMAN-AMERICANS AGAIN.

It was a terrible threat made to the country by the National German-American Alliance at its annual convention in San Francisco. We refer, of course, to the statement that if our immigration laws are not modified—that is, if we do not behave better—the tide of immigration will soon change, and we shall then see streams of Germans going back to the Fatherland. There will be many places of the dead to fill there, endless opportunities opened by shot and shell, and the lure will be irresistible. What this would mean to our beloved country we cannot even portray. The mere thought of seeing George Sylvester Viereck and Hugo Münsterberg and Dr. Hexamer and Henry Weismann going up a gang-plank, and forever shaking the dust of America from their shoes, is enough to make strong men weep. It would rock our nation to its very foundations. Our best culture would disappear over the ship's side, our truest guardians of the national conscience be borne away from us. And with them would go the unnaturalized army corps of reservists, of which *Kanonenfutter* the British fleet deprived the Kaiser. But why dwell longer on this dreadful future? At any cost, let us save our country from this frightful possibility.

Thoroughly humbled, therefore, we have examined the rest of the German-American Alliance's programme, adopted last week for its future activities and the future political and social developments of our country. Primarily, it has decreed a new national holiday—American Day—the 19th of October, the anniversary of the surrender of Cornwallis, in order that we should never forget that on that day we freed ourselves from British control. Next, leagues are to be formed in every State for the promotion of laws establishing the right to education in German, and safeguarding such instruction. Thereafter, every form of German-American activity is to be pushed. The German press is congratulated for its brilliant (!) work

since the war began, and is urged to do still better. The formation of classes of children outside the schools for instruction in German songs and poetry and in the language is to be undertaken at once. The collecting of material about the deeds of the German pioneers and the part they have played in our history is to be systematically organized and encouraged; and German libraries are to be enlarged or founded. The Turner movement is to be revived and furthered. Our German public-school teachers are to be shown how to teach history from the German point of view, and, of course, the teaching of German is to be a part of all public-school courses hereafter, as well as instruction in German history and *deutsche Kultur*.

Summed up, therefore, the whole German-American programme is that citizens of this country of Teutonic origin shall remain a separate group, retaining their traditions, customs, and language, and preserving their own culture, not acquiring ours. They are to be Americans and yet not Americans. As Prof. Julius Goebel, of the University of Illinois, put it in a book published before the outbreak of the European war, in January, 1914, the German-American, the "scion of a noble race," declines to permit himself to be cast into the melting-pot of American life, to emerge re-formed into a factory-like type, "by the common mould" by which ordinary Americans are stamped. To make German-born Americans, or those with German blood in their veins, just like ordinary American citizens is to decree, the Professor says, the destruction of everything that is holy "in our [that is, the German] national character." Not unnaturally, his view of our American future is of an "American people filled with German ideals"; for not only is the German-American to be allowed to keep all his customs and his language, but, so Professor Goebel asserts, the sole hope for our American institutions, sunk so low as to make all "thinking persons ask how much longer can this country rule itself," is the "infusion of our American life with German *Kultur* and ideals, German sense of honor and of duty."

Now, men like Professor Goebel and the members of the German-American League are so convinced that everything German is superior to everything else on earth that it is hardly worth while to reason with them. For instance, it would be idle to remind them that other groups in our country believe in their ideals and customs and languages. What is to become of us if each of

our numerous groups, the Scandinavian, the Jewish, the French, the Hungarians, and Czechs, were to insist on their language and their history in our schools, and refuse likewise to be moulded into good Americans by the common melting-pot of our life and politics? Are we to be not a nation, but a collection of groups of citizens of different thoughts and ideals? Already in Chicago the Bohemians are paying out of their own pockets for schools using the Bohemian language. In Minnesota the Scandinavian tongues are taught in more and more schools; in its largest city there is to be a "house of life" from which Scandinavian *Kultur* and ideals are to be spread throughout the land. What is to become of American ideals and our *Kultur* and our varied contributions to mankind, our social and political additions to human knowledge and human happiness and the science of government? Well, our foreign-born citizens may be certain of one thing: our native American ideals will never be subordinated to any made in Germany or elsewhere, for the word "American" stands for things political, spiritual, moral, and humanitarian that are unsurpassed. But we are grateful to Professor Goebel, the German-American Alliance, and others for their giving us due warning of their intentions for the future.

BOHEMIA AND THE TABLE D'HÔTE.

The Café Boulevard, on Second Avenue, best known perhaps of New York's Bohemian eating-places, has made way for the apartment-builder. Nearly every one of the popular foreign dining-rooms has had an "original" and several more or less legitimate successors. Almost as many places as contended for Homer now claim to be the original "Maria." So with the Café Boulevard, whose first embodiment moved north to Times Square some years ago as part of the general northward immigration from Grand Street, Second Avenue, and the vicinity of Washington Square. This geographical rapprochement between Bohemia and Broadway has been the result in part of racial changes. With the increase in the city's foreign population, both in numbers and in social importance, foreign eating habits have spread over the city. The East Side prospers and moves north to Forty-second Street, and the places of resort follow. But, in part, too, the enormous development of the exotic restaurant, Italian, French, or Spanish, with red wine or white, is the sign of a change in the dietary habits of the native population. Especially the city's large bachelor population is drifting from the boarding-house table to the foreign table d'hôte. Spaghetti with grated cheese is by way of becoming naturalized.

But the laws of change do not work all one way. The foreign table d'hôte meets the fate of all conquerors, and is subdued to its medium. The Bohemian bill of fare shows strong

Anglo-Saxons in Bohemia Avenue, everything timid soul off old but felt a chance found the for a la were even appeal the my original in, balk the near England stage hatory p and Royal bottle of may have water. and road dessert.

To the gastronomic anathem Italian and begin fate to by the shift be to the that the Huneker more or man alive. "The New it is now to plunge Side, also unspoiled had in and more have been be spots around Chamber be that amidst the longer front. But the and more time before them are geny of gonzola.

Deprived Bohemia. Not so long illusion. Cosmopolitan is with adventurous young g and East that gulf café life greater on East Side produce day; and passions blecloth and Mr. years ago

Anglo-Saxon influences, precisely like the Normans in England. The original invaders of Bohemia around Bleecker Street and Second Avenue were an adventurous race, and ate everything on the card. Their imitative and timid successors found it more difficult to cast off old habit. They dallied with the red wine, but felt a longing for mince pie. They took a chance on the heavy vegetable soups, but found the demi-tasse insufficient, and so asked for a large cup of coffee with cream. There were even lost souls who succumbed to the appeal of Bohemia so far as to venture into the mysterious basements which were the original habitat of the table d'hôte, but, once in, balked at the transatlantic mess and made the nearest approach they could to a New England dinner by ordering cautiously. That stage has long been left behind. The assimilatory process has been active. The "Marias" and Rovers are hyphenated. The traditional bottle of "ink" is no longer obligatory, but one may have beer instead, or nothing but ice-water. There is a choice between spaghetti and roast beef, between cheese and pie for dessert.

To the true adventurer in the hinterland of gastronomy, such hybrid establishments are anathema. For that matter, even before the Italian table d'hôte prospered, moved north, and began to advertise, it was the pioneer's fate to see his haunts invaded and desecrated by the mob. He could only pack up and shift before the march of civilization always to the setting sun, in the sad consciousness that there was no permanent rest for him, that the crowd was close at his heels. James Huneker, who has probably risked his life at more out-o'-the-way dining-tables than any man alive, has recently exposed the grief. In "The New Cosmopolis" he tells how necessary it is now for the conquistador of bills-of-fare to plunge into the jungles of the upper East Side, along unknown First Avenue, for such unspoiled flavors and odors as may still be had in New York. Perhaps there are younger and more active men than Mr. Huneker who have been more successful. There must still be spots of virgin soil in the Bulgarian section around Rector Street, among the Greeks of Chambers Street and Madison Street. It may be that in the very heart of Gasolene Alley, amidst the ruck of foreign places that are no longer foreign, an obscure cellar or storefront has kept the true exotic atmosphere. But their survival in unspoiled form is more and more precarious. It is only a question of time before the Mendelian laws of descent get them, and they begin to produce a mixed progeny of ragouts and roast beef rare, of Gor-gonzola and mince pie.

Deprived of its sustenance, will the race of Bohemians of pure native origin disappear? Not so long as there is youth and courage and illusion. The lesson of Mr. Huneker's "New Cosmopolis" is that the kingdom of Bohemia is within you. The East Side as a place of adventure is supposedly dead. But were the young generation to go down to Grand Street and East Broadway with the same fine faith that guided the original discoverers of Jewish café life and intellectualism, they would find greater activity there than ever. The cafés on East Broadway, the Newspaper Row of the East Side, are thronged with the men who produce the vast Yiddish journalism of today; and the explorer will hear the same passionate harangues over coffee-stained tablecloths that fascinated Mr. Lincoln Steffens and Mr. Hutchins Hapgood "already" fifteen years ago.

Foreign Correspondence

A RESTATEMENT OF THE ENGLISH POINT OF VIEW—THE FEAR OF MISAPPREHENSION IN AMERICA.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, July 27.

England has quite recently been visited by a little group of Americans, most of them women, concerning whose highmindedness and good intentions there can be no dispute, and yet concerning whom it seems none the less desirable to sound a note of warning. The persons I have in mind are, I think, dangerous in two ways: first, in creating a wrong impression here as to America's attitude towards the war, and especially towards Great Britain; and secondly, in being likely to disseminate an erroneous conception in America of the predominant British feeling as to both war and peace. Without any intention to do so, these visitants to our shores rather tend to persuade us that America's attitude towards the belligerents is not unlike that of a benevolent elderly gentleman vis-à-vis of two little boys fighting in the street. Conscious that he himself is very remote from any such vulgar "scrapping," his one aim is to make the little pugilists shake hands, without listening to any explanation of the causes of the quarrel. And yet the heart of one of these small combatants may be bursting with a sense of injustice, because he knows that he has been forced unwillingly into the fray, to guard the coppers entrusted to him as his mother's errand-boy, or to save a little sister from blows or a miserable puppy from drowning.

It goes without saying that we recognize the full propriety of the United States remaining neutral, on grounds that have been ably set forth by leading American statesmen and journalists; but we are hardly willing to accept the theoretic assumption that, because all the belligerents claim to have right on their side, they are all likely to be equally wrong. The following passage from a well-written pamphlet by Miss Julia Grace Wales, delegate from the University of Wisconsin to the International Congress of Women, which met in April at The Hague, illustrates the attitude at which we are inclined to take umbrage: "If these protestations [i. e., made by all the belligerents as to the justice of their cause] are sincere—and it is by no means clear that we have adequate reason for doubting them—it is not strange that we have felt unable to commit ourselves to any final judgment of the moral attitude of any party to the conflict. We cannot estimate past motives; we cannot distinguish perfectly between the actions of peoples and the actions of governments, between the responsibility of one nation and that of another. And there is a sense in which all are to blame."

I own it is a great grief to me that any American, in the light of all that has happened, can still write in this strain. It would wholly stultify our contention that we are fighting for civil and constitutional liberty against militarism, if we were to attach any great value to the judgment of people who refuse to discriminate between ourselves on the one side and the violators of Belgium's neutrality and the sinkers of the Lusitania on the other. We understand that some, at least,

in America refuse to read Lord Bryce's Report on the Belgian Atrocities, in order to preserve their "detachment" of mind; and again we have to deny any serious value to an opinion that ignores facts and evidence. If these people are willing to assert, after due consideration of all the facts and all the evidence now available, that they deliberately think that, in the matter of right or wrong, the state of the case as regards the belligerents is six of the one and half a dozen of the other, we shall know at least where we stand. But the assumption, depending on a calm ignoring of the history of the last twelve months, that the moral delinquency of all the belligerents is approximately equal, is something that we cannot stomach without loss of self-respect. We are content to waive the question of "atrocities," and to base our moral case simply on what Germany avows, justifies, and glories in.

Those who are responsible for direct and immediate action are too busy to listen to a priori views as to the necessary wickedness of all who are engaged in war; and we feel that people who maintain their "detachment" by ignoring facts, are quite likely to misinterpret the British attitude and ascribe to blind national prejudice and ingrained jingoism what really rests on a much wider and higher ideal. If we are sinning, we are not sinning ignobly; and we should like to see a recognition of this fact from any one who wishes to gain our ear. We cherish no bitterness against the German people as such; but we have an undying hatred for the principles for which Germany at present stands. Our dearest hope is for a revolution in German thought, or (as I should prefer to put it) for a domestic triumph of the best elements of the German people. We would much rather see the patient restored to sanity than confined in a strait waistcoat.

The American visitors I refer to probably attach too great importance to the attitude of the Union of Democratic Control, the Independent Labor Party, and other similar bodies. It cannot, however, be too clearly understood in America that these societies form the most insignificant of backwaters in the current of British opinion, and that their most gifted members have seriously impaired their national reputation and usefulness. Names that used to be greeted with respect and admiration now evoke little but regretful sighs. Too much stress may also be laid on the *Morning Post* and *Anti-German Union* agitation, which errs in the other direction. Those of us who agree with neither of these movements (and certainly we represent at least nine-tenths of British opinion) are as keenly aware of the horrors and futilities of war as our American visitors themselves, or as the amiable but somewhat misguided Englishmen they have been consulting; but we realize that war is, on certain rare occasions, more righteous than peace, and we have been forced to crush our natural prejudices in favor of the latter, at the bidding of a higher and more searching ideal. We are not sacrificing our sons and brothers for a whim; and we naturally find it very hard to listen patiently to any discussion of peace or mediation that would place either the object or the method of our warfare on the same plane as those of our opponents. No doubt the Germans would say as much for themselves; but our contention is that the choice between us should not be either avoided or determined on abstract or a priori grounds. We are not concerned to

assert that 10,000 Englishmen, Frenchmen, or Russians are, as individuals, more valuable assets to humanity than as many Germans; but we do assert that the general theory of life for which the Allies stand in their mass capacity is infinitely more vital for the future weal of civilization than that of their foes. That pacifists should be petrified with horror at what is taking place, is more than comprehensible; but that the power of clear thinking of some among them should be equally paralyzed is an immeasurable calamity. There is no place now for those who wish to ride off on a general condemnation of war; some decision must be made on the merits of the case.

It is quite possible that we may now have a rather gloomy period ahead of us, but we do not mean to be dismayed thereby, and we trust that America will not measure deserts merely by the glitter of success. We shall hold on, not for any vainglorious triumph or material advantage, but until (if human strength avail) the priceless principles at stake are vindicated and accepted by our enemies as well as by our friends.

ONE PARIS HOUSE—A "MISUNDERSTANDING."

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, July 27.

The house is really in a suburb, but the streets are built up flush with the great city and the inhabitants lead continuous lives. It is a fair sample of the Paris apartment house, such as houses are in Paris where only the exceeding rich have separate dwellings. There are twelve apartments served by the masters' stairs, two facing each other on each landing; and at the top of the servants' stairs, under the roof before you come to the servants' rooms, two small apartments more have been arranged for humbler households. That is, the house with its fourteen families represents fairly the average middle class of Paris people. How has the war affected these?

On the ground floor, door to the left as you enter the house, an old lady has nephews at the war. Another old lady to the right has closed her apartment and gone to live with her granddaughter-in-law, while her grandson is fighting. First floor up, there is a young wife with her baby—and her husband is at the front since the mobilization, eleven months ago. They had just set up housekeeping. Opposite, there is a childless elderly couple "with relatives at the war."

Second floor up, to left, there is yet another old lady whose daughter has come to live with her, the daughter's son being at the front. To right, there is an elderly couple of means—before the war. The man is a retired business man of Lille, where his property is. The occupation of that rich manufacturing city by the Germans so touched him that he had a stroke from it and now goes up and down stairs leaning heavily on an attendant's arm. I have seen an officer in worn uniform at the door—some relation passing through Paris on military business.

Third floor up, opposite my own place, there is a young wife waiting since last August to hear if her husband is killed or wounded, for he has been in the thick of the fray all that time. For myself, I have only the cook who has a son with the cavalry and who yesterday came to show a card from an ambulance doc-

tor "in the zone," saying her son-in-law had been shot in the head and they hoped to save one of his eyes. He has a wife and four children. The other cook on the landing has a brother and brother-in-law long ago off to the wars, both with families depending on them at home.

Fourth floor up, above me, a young husband has already had a frightful accident in the army automobile service to which he belongs and was invalidated two months; he has just returned to his post in the army. In the apartment opposite, the son is back "on permission" in all the bravery of his dragoon's uniform. He has been wounded once and laid up for a month.

Fifth floor up, to left, there is the empty apartment of a young couple who came there just after their marriage. He was called out from the start in the engineer corps, and she went home to her mother and has had her baby. Opposite, there is another empty apartment rented by a German family which left France at the first alarm. The man was in business—lace-selling—and took the precaution to pay a year's rent in advance. It keeps his property intact, but it will be long before he sees his household goods or France again. Very likely he, too, is fighting in his own army, which was to have taken Paris before the first month of war was over.

This is all for these *bourgeois* dwelling-places; but in one of the two apartments at the top of the servants' staircase, there was a funeral two days ago. It was a concierge of the neighborhood who went to fight in the trenches, came down with galloping consumption, and was brought home to die. His wife has two young children and, living with them, her own two young brothers—"refugees" from a district invaded by the Germans.

I have left out our own concierge, who may yet be called to serve—he is forty-eight and of the "last class." He has a brother who has been a prisoner in Germany since early in the war; and his own and his wife's parents are inside the German lines in the invaded departments. Only in these last days has it been possible to hear from them, by refugees passing through Switzerland. Across the street, where I used to look out in early morning and see an orderly holding the horse of the major going for his daily ride, I can now see the major himself walking painfully on crutches, for he was among the first wounded.

So it goes in the other houses of this street, in the other streets of this suburb and of Paris and of outlying towns, in country villages and farms through all France.

The long waiting, the hope deferred, and the ever-present fear, the return of the wounded, and the shadow of death sitting at the door of every French family have made no outward change in the disposition of the people. As some terrible plague let loose on them, they bear the war as best they may; and they think of no change except to drive the invader from their homes. It was thus last August I saw the men of Savoy leaving their hayfields, saying good-by to their women and marching away to the unexpected peril, without fanfare, unwhispering, *puisque'il le faut*—since it must be.

Perhaps if the comfortable middle classes of England had realized how cruelly the French have been bearing the brunt of war for them, they would have dragged behind less and would have made it possible for their long-suffering Government to render more efficient aid against the common enemy. Not that the

French reproach the English actually equipped and engaged in war—"They die well!" is the universal utterance. But it is the lack of equipment in time, lack of ammunition and arms and artillery, which keeps back armies that might have shortened this war. And it has still to be fought out to the bitter end—*puisque'il le faut*. I have heard nothing worse than this, said not impatiently, among those who in such a house as I have described were reading news of the strike of the Welsh miners: "Our workmen could not have had the heart to do it!"

This passing in review of the Paris house with which I have closest acquaintance is not by way of any pretentious census-taking. The world has now made up its mind about the French in the present war. The workmen, those who were thought to be ripe for revolution, have proved to be the readiest and most patriotic soldiers. But what the world has, perhaps, not appreciated enough is the clearness of mind of the French people amid all their struggles and sufferings.

A resolution voted unanimously by one hundred students from forty American colleges and universities attending the Conference of International Relations at Cornell University (June 28) has been sent me. It speaks of "a war arising out of misunderstanding among the nations of the world." The French around me have had no misunderstanding. After the whole of Belgium, ten of their own departments have been invaded. All their able-bodied men, young and middle-aged, have had all they could do to prevent the invader's further advance; and they are still fighting after a year under peculiar hardship and danger and death. The populations have suffered cruelties such as had not been told in wars since Grotius, where students may read. And all this is still going on—it is a fact and no misunderstanding. Within one mile of this house, there is the American Ambulance with more than 500 wounded; there is the hospital of the Dames de France; there is the Musselman hospital—all before reaching Paris. Until France and Belgium are evacuated and free, until the invader stops fighting and asks for terms, there can be no misunderstanding between his and the French nation. The clear-minded inhabitants of this one Paris house leave such misunderstanding to neutrals—they have no time for it!

Notes from the Capital

THE CHIEF OF THE U. S. ARMY.

The last American to welcome war with Germany or any other Power, but also the last to shirk his share of fighting or responsibility if war must come, is the present head of the United States army. In civilians' attire and in a drawing-room, no one looks less like a priest of the sword than Hugh Lenox Scott. Two strangers in Washington, at a social gathering, had singled him out from all the rest of the company, attracted by his modest but distinguished bearing and his scholarly face, and asked me who he was. Before answering, I gave each a guess at his calling. "I should set him down as a scientist," said one, "attached, perhaps, to the Smithsonian or the Carnegie Institute." "I'm not so sure about the science," said the other, "but I'll venture he's a college professor." "By lin-

eage he is both," I replied, "and by his own right also, in a way; for he counts among his ancestors Benjamin Franklin and the famous Dr. Charles Hodge, once president of Princeton College, while, for himself, he not only is the greatest living master of the Indian sign language and an honorary L.H.D., but has filled the chief seat in an institution of learning as Superintendent of the West Point Military Academy."

Three characteristics are printed on Gen. Scott's face: persistence, calmness, and sobriety of thought. You would almost as soon expect to see the Washington Monument walk off its base as to see the General flustered. This is not because he is devoid of emotion; he has an abundance of it, but it is so under his control that it never gets the better of him, even in the most trying moments. None but a long observer would suspect that he has any nerves; and his voice, which is deep-toned and capable of all the sternest inflections of command, is so unobtrusive in conversation that one has to pay pretty strict attention in order to catch all he says. These facts will explain in no small measure his wonderful influence over barbarous peoples wherever he has been brought into contact with them. Like the Indians, he is never noisy, and makes little visible use of his lips in talking; and his countenance does not change its expression whether he is communicating a friendly suggestion or warning an adversary that his latest utterance must be accepted as an ultimatum, except that now and then it is crossed by a smile which for the moment is like a gleam of thin sunshine on an overcast day. The glistening spectacles through which he looks at his vis-à-vis tend to emphasize the generally serious cast of his face.

It was a happy inspiration which prompted President Roosevelt to make Scott Governor of the Sulu Archipelago at the time when the local disaffection towards the United States was at its height and the Sultan was seizing every opportunity to advertise his defiance of the white invaders. Scott had studied our Indians at close range for so many years, as their conqueror in war and their friend and confidant in peace, that he understood very well what problems were confronting him in dealing with another people who had reached about the same stage of social development. The only essential difference lay in the fact that all over our Indian frontier, among the tribes that had never seen him scarcely less than among those that had known him for a generation, his name was a household word, and the news that he was coming was the signal for at least the outward composure of any disturbance that might be in progress; whereas in the Sulu Archipelago such prestige had still to be earned. He earned it—at the cost, to be sure, of losing several fingers which were of constant use to him in exemplifying the sign language—but so conclusively that, when he was called back to the United States, the fiercest of the Moro chiefs mourned like children over his departure; and if another outbreak were to occur in that quarter, no human being could be trusted to quell it by arms more effectively than he could by his mere personal presence.

It was his peculiar mettle, doubtless, which Villa recognized when Scott was ordered to the Mexican border last year. One good look into the General's cool gray eyes and at his masterful jaw seemed to satisfy the guerrilla

leader that at last he had met a soldier who would be more than his match should they ever come to a trial of strength. Frills and bluster would have accomplished nothing with this half-civilized fellow; but to the quiet, unostentatious air of determination and self-confidence which he found enveloping Scott he was ready enough to respond with all the pledges demanded of him; and so long as he was the foremost figure on the southern side of the international line the omens of war disappeared behind the horizon. Since then we have begun to harvest a fresh crop of worries on both hemispheres; and it has become a matter of deep regret to many Americans that Scott, their chief apostle of friendly-fronted force, is an invisible body, which cannot be in four or five places at once.

VILLARD.

A Tried Administration

ITS VERSATILITY IN HANDLING INTERNATIONAL PROBLEMS—A PRESIDENT WHO TAKES NO THOUGHT OF PARTISAN ADVANTAGE.

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD.

WASHINGTON, June 7.

Washington in the third summer of the Wilson Administration affords the extraordinary spectacle of domestic policies and politics completely subordinated to foreign. It would be hard to recall anything just like it, for not only have we the complications growing out of the European war, but there are Hayti and Mexico in addition acutely to vex the Government. If there ever was an overworked department, it is the Department of State, and yet the new Secretary, after more than a month of service in Bryan's place, and weary months of incessant toiling, shows no signs of breaking, despite the intense heat and the extra strain due to the absence from the capital of President Wilson. Indeed, one hears little else here than a discussion of these foreign questions. Sometimes there is a reference to a new Government ship-purchase bill, sometimes some one remembers that we are expending enormous sums in schemes of irrigation, but the talk invariably goes back to our foreign complications.

As to these, we are still too deep in the throes to know just how we are coming out with any of them, or even to gauge approximately how this Administration will be adjudged in the future. But some things already stand out to mark this as a summer that will be memorable in our history, quite aside from the magnitude of the issues involved in the European war. In the first place, Washington is deeply impressed with the pacific attitude of the American public and its self-control which continues in such striking contrast to the hysterical excitement after the blowing up of the Maine and to the demands for revenge which followed that calamity. Said a high authority early in June, sitting at his overburdened

desk: "The country is asking of us what seems almost like an impossible task: to punish Germany, but not to go to war with her. How can we accomplish it?" To this the answer was that, somehow or other, the people expected Woodrow Wilson and his advisers to solve the problem, for they have complete confidence not only in the President's soundness of judgment and ability to meet the situation, but in his versatility.

Indeed, the President has had one opportunity after another to deal with grave diplomatic questions along new lines. Thus, if Mr. Wilson's policy towards Germany is successful, it will mean that he will have seized an opportunity to prove to the world that there are other ways of bringing wrongdoing home to a nation than by the slaughter of innocent citizens on both sides. It is a much-needed lesson, for hitherto it has been the custom of the world to resort to war for any reason—because of a real or fancied insult or injury, or because of the dictates of conscienceless ambition. Hence there are extraordinarily few precedents for one who would take measures short of war to send another country to Coventry, or to shame it into right-doing. At this moment, it would seem as if the Germans had decided not to force the President to show to what lengths he will go short of war, by conducting their submarine warfare in accordance with our wishes, although they will not admit that they are doing it. But if the need does come, it is confidently believed in well-informed circles here that President Wilson has several things up his sleeve which would be of a punitive character, yet in themselves would not necessitate war.

Similarly, the English dispute has by no means reached an *impasse*, yet it is safe to say that, if it should do so, this Government will not be content with a reference of the disputed issues to a post-bellum tribunal. It would surprise few here, in the event of a further exchange of notes with England failing to effect an agreement, if the United States were to call a conference of at least the South American neutrals to formulate their views as to what the law of the sea during times of war should be, and this might even be followed by a conference of the United States and the European neutrals, although their problems growing out of the war are of so different a character from ours. The point is that this versatile Government does not propose to be guided solely by diplomatic formulas in dealing with the problems that present themselves. Mr. Wilson, more than any other President, is able to look at problems from a social point of view as well as from a purely routine diplomatic or political one. He is not only richer in expedients, but apparently feels freer to resort to them.

Of this his action in the case of Mexico is the most striking illustration. As he accepted mediation from the A B C nations when, according to many persons of diplomatic experience, he had reached a place in his relations with the Government of Huerta whence there was no way out but force,

so he has now voluntarily called in the Central and South American republics to advise him as to his next steps and to obtain their sanction for any action which he may undertake. Here is a precedent of the most far-reaching importance for the Western Hemisphere. Taken in connection with the Pan-American financial congress held here in June, and the coming scientific one in the autumn, and the President's repeated assurances that this country does not want one foot of anybody else's territory, the present action must reassure South America, as it has not been assured since the days of Secretary Root—before the era of the dollar diplomacy of Knox which so alarmed and alienated all of our sister republics to the south of us. It is even possible, if we should be driven at last to interfering by force in order to save the starving Mexicans, that the President will go so far as to invite the South American republics to participate in the action by sending troops to join our forces after the manner of the relief expedition to Peking. But whether this takes place or not, it is a new Pan-American diplomacy that we are witnessing, and one which accords a recognition and a standing in our councils to the South Americans, which cannot but have a lasting effect among them.

As for Hayti, the opportunity for the new policy is clear there, if this Government chooses to embrace it. First of all, there must be a Government established at once, however unrepresentative of the wishes of the bulk of the people, because there is no Government whatever at this time for our sailors to deal with. Then there should be a thoroughgoing study of the exact situation, preferably by a commission from the United States composed of men able to look at the matter from a social and economic point of view again, rather than from the coldly diplomatic and military. Hayti is by no means all bad, and it is necessary neither to annex it nor to wash our hands of it altogether. Nor is it advisable for this Government to repeat in Hayti or elsewhere in the Caribbean the Nicaraguan blunder which was inherited from the Taft Administration. Few Americans are aware that for years past American bayonets in the hands of a garrison of our marines have supported a Government which we put into power, and that there is pending before the Senate a treaty with Nicaragua, that is, with the Government which we control, giving us dangerously broad powers and rights which the Nicaraguans ought not to grant to anybody. That was Secretary Knox's way of doing things. President Wilson's way, if he is consistent in Hayti with his general policies elsewhere, is to help the people to help themselves and to defend them against their own unjust exploiters. There should be no thought of any benefit to the United States or of obtaining a financial control of a country which might last indefinitely, since the tendency of our own officialdom, particularly of those holding office in Hayti, would be to insist that this control could not be ended and the Haytians once more be given an

opportunity to try whether they could manage their own affairs.

But there is one thing about the Wilson Administration which every observer here this summer ought to write down with profound satisfaction and gratitude. I have been in closest touch with the political situation here since the blowing up of the Lusitania, and I have yet to see a sign that in any phase of the situation any member of the Wilson Administration, from the President down, has thought or asked what would be the political effect of any given step upon the fortunes of the Administration. It is easy to say that the magnitude of the crisis and the awful character of the crime upon the Lusitania's innocent passengers would probably have prevented any administration from playing petty politics, though some might easily have been encouraged to do battle for our rights in the spread-eagle manner with which the Harrison Administration in its earlier days was wont to approach international problems. But the fact remains—and as Americans we can say it with profound pride—that no one has sought to gain a single advantage for the Wilson Administration, or for the Democratic party, out of all that has happened. It would have been so easy to wave the flag, for the President to make numerous speeches calling upon the people to rally around "Old Glory," and for the party leaders to make capital in a hundred different ways. There has not been a suggestion of this; the President has not lifted a finger to win by any act or by any word of his a particle of that great popularity which has come to him since May 8. He has simply gone about his business, endeavoring to stand up for the nation's ideals, and to express its views and its wishes without thought of self. Yet the President is admittedly a candidate for re-election, and the nomination will have been made by this time in 1916.

Sometimes I think the country does not realize how wholly without thought of self the President is. It knows him to be exceptionally hard-working, lonely, as he himself has said, and seeing fewer and fewer visitors as he toils by day and by night at the greatest problems which have come to any President since Abraham Lincoln—in twenty-five days at Cornish he received not a single caller. But he is also modest and unassuming, seeking no praise and caring not at all for the adulation of the mob. He has filled not one single office with a view to his own candidacy for re-election or the building up of a personal following. Indeed, he has acted throughout as if he did not want any following, or any one to become enthusiastic about him. In that respect he is unique in our later history, and if he is renominated, it will be without his having taken a step or in any way used his great powers to influence the public. It will be because the voters of their own accord ask him to serve again. And so among all the novelties and new departures of this extraordinary summer the greatest is surely this selfless President.

A French Poet of Summer

By STODDARD DEWEY.

Those whom the sudden rise to fame of Paul Claudel has made curious may make ready to be puzzled at his "Two Poems of Summer." Both are dramatic in form—operative rather, for question and reply are responsive only to some rhythm of the imaginative fallacy. One is declaredly "a three-voice cantata." The other is explained:

At the end of the *Orestes* sequence, *Æschylus* placed a satyric drama of which only the title remains "Proteus"; while dreaming of this name, I found I had composed the following piece:

None of the sharp definiteness of thought and feeling which is the strength of this author's legitimate drama is found here. It is rather the poet who clothed Coventry Patmore in French and introduced Walt Whitman to Parisians; that here sings successive impressions of wilful imprecision—something which Matthew Arnold remarked in the cases of Ruskin and Rossetti, should presuppose an independent fortune. Like the hearer of Wagner's music, the reader must, without prejudice,

—let his feelings run
In soft, luxuriant flow.

The translation is literal, even to punctuation and rhythm; but it cannot render the half-rhymes and assonances which, against every law of French prosody, make the irregular lines musical. The title of the "cantata" is its first line; and its three personages are Laeta, Fausta, and Beata—a true summer trio:

- L. This hour that is between Springtime and Summer—
- F. Between this eve and to-morrow sole hour that is left—
- B. Slumber unslumbrous before the Sun's born again—
- L. Night with no night—
- F. Full of mysterious birds without cease and singing you hear when 'tis over—
- L. Of leaves and a feeble cry, and words quite low, and the noise—
- F. Of far-away water that falls and wind that is fleeting!
- L. Springtime already is over.
- B. To-morrow great Summer's beginning!
- F. Day immense!
- L. Earth-fruit immense!
- F. Day that endures!
- B. Pure sky and Sun's excellence!
- L. Now 'tis night still!
- F. Now for a while, still—
- L. —Late though and threatened—
- B. 'Tis the last night before Summer!
- F. How the night's beautiful!
- L. Continuous sign of yon pine on the sky—
- F. How sombre and solemn!
- L. Sing, tell thy story, call to us, bird Philomela!
- · · · ·
- B. Ah, without giving us bliss, our due, Shall we let it dree through again, grasping nothing, This hour which is only once?

F. Moment on which depends all.
 L. Supreme word of the year
 Of the Earth that yearns still and
 would speak!
 F. And of this sky around us all-present
 That beats, that knows all and awaits?
 L. When morning's one thing, with evening.
 F. And in the dreaming day's bosom
 Asleep, little by little memory's freed.
 B. Regret is extinct with hope.
 L. And what stays?
 B. Bliss alone.
 L. I hear only wind quite low and water
 that weeps!
 F. —Scarcely the beat of my heart—
 L. And the long shooting star sudden that
 bursts and falls in dust!
 B. 'Tis you know not to hear.
 L. Heaven an instant unfolding—
 F. Shows us only the night.

 B. 'Tis you know not to see.
 F. Speak, thou, Beata, we are here, this one
 and I.
 B. All three adorned—
 L. Arms and bosom unveiled—
 F. Seated—
 B. Face heaven-turned—
 F. None by the other regarded—
 L. —Seated and lying half back
 In solemn robes
 Which the gilded footpoint outpasses!
 F. He whom I love—
 L. —Whom to-morrow I espouse
 Shall he love me always as now?
 F. Whom I love,
 Who left me and is far
 Shall he come back to-morrow?
 B. He whom I love
 Is no more, no morrow to me shall bring
 him ever again.
 L. Dead, sayest thou?
 F. No morrow to you shall bring him ever
 again!
 B. Nevermore shall he escape me.
 L. And 'tis thou speakest to us of bliss?
 B. All is over for me of what dies.
 F. And what stays when all's over?
 B. This hour which is neither the day nor
 the night.
 F. All passes that began.
 B. Save only
 Even this hour which is between Spring-
 time and Summer.

Such reading might make Quintilian of a Silver Age like our own gasp and stare; but in Pindar's Golden Age athletes, tired from the fray, had their soul's desultory lifting up from just such a promiscuous haggis of fine poetic feeding—or, better:

An endless fountain of immortal drink,
 Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

The Philistine, if he has letters, is likely to be still more exasperated by "the satyric drama of Proteus" and will strongly suspect this French poet—for poet he undoubtedly is, but he has also been his country's Consul-General at Munich and Hamburg—of having made himself mad with the too much learning of Jean Paul or, as when his herd of Seals are made by Proteus to do the mathematical tasks of the horses of Elberfeld, of simply laughing at him. For they swim and sing in chorus:

Old Proteus has lost his spectacles, hurrah!

We'll extract square roots no more, hurrah!
 Flouc! flouc!
 The sea is free! the sea is free!
 'Tis free and we are in it!
 Do you feel it thrill and shiver?
 Do you feel its kick that sends us eight feet
 up in air?
 Hurrah! Hurrah!
 Proteus is sorely tried by this, but not as
 much as by the story—for story, too, there is.
 It is Menelaus's home-bringing of Helen, and
 he has no great opinion of either:
 So it's for that he took Troy!
 Where's the good sense of it all? I ask you.
 Where's its justice? Where its good law
 and order?
 And to say 'twill always be so as long as the
 world shall be governed by poets!
 Ah, it's not near over!
 How unlucky! How unlucky!
He plunges under is the stage direction
 and the play's end—and the reader's patience
 perhaps ends with the rest. But we may still
 ask—What poets? Has not this polyglot
 Paul Claudel, besides *Æschylus* and the others,
 read Johnny Keats and caught the spirit
 of him before he went into a decline? For
 this poetry, too—
 'Twas even an awful shine
 From the exaltation of Apollo's bow!

Book Notes and Byways

FREDERICK THE GREAT'S "ANTI-MACHIAVELL."

By WILLIAM PETERS REEVES.

A German scholar, alluding to the Moroccan affair in 1911, wrote as follows: "After this African imbroglio no one can afford to neglect the military and political tenets of the great Florentine, Machiavelli, without his sore detriment." Allowing for the enthusiasm of the specialist—the words occur in an announcement of an exhaustive book* on the editions of Machiavelli's works—the invocation of the master craftsman in politics is significant. No less significant is the story of the refutation of Machiavelli made by Frederick the Second as Crown Prince and practically repudiated by him after his accession.

Writing to Napier, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, on December 1, 1841, Macaulay asked, "What do you say to an article on Frederick the Great?" In January, 1842, he wrote: "I ought to produce something better than the article on Clive or Hastings with so excellent a subject as Frederick. . . ." The essay was published in the April number of the *Review*. Though it betrays shifting judgments, it is one of Macaulay's most persuasive essays, and warrants Grimm's outspoken admiration. One paragraph holds the attention of a reader in these times:

The King of Prussia, the Anti-Machiavell, had already fully determined to commit the great crime of violating his plighted faith, of robbing the ally whom he was bound to defend, and of plunging all Europe into a long, bloody, and desolating war; and all this for no end whatever, except that he might extend his dominions, and see his name in the gazette. He determined to assemble

a great army with speed and secrecy, to invade Silesia before Maria Theresa should be apprised of his design, and to add that rich province to his kingdom.

Earlier in the essay Macaulay had explained the "Anti-Machiavell": "One of his Highness's performances was a refutation of Machiavelli . . . It was entitled the Anti-Machiavell, and was an edifying homily against rapacity, perfidy, arbitrary government, unjust war, in short, against almost everything for which its author is now remembered among men." Recalling Macaulay's essay on Machiavelli, the first effective apology for the "Prince" in English, one sees that Macaulay had come back to the traditional notion of Machiavelli held by Englishmen for centuries. It was not strange if he had outgrown the brilliant ingenuity of 1827.

By 1849 Frederick's writings began to be published in Berlin, and Carlyle availed himself of this mine of literary curiosities. That Carlyle read the "Anti-Machiavell" one cannot doubt; yet it seems to have suggested little. He seems to begrudge the short chapter given to it: "Truly the world has had a pothor with this little Niccolo Machiavelli and his perverse little book." Perhaps Frederick's statement that Machiavelli was narrow-minded and his political ideas petty, had something to do with Carlyle's enforcing the diminutive. At any rate, Frederick's book will live, if for no other reason than that two great masters of English prose wrote about it.

The "Anti-Machiavell" was translated into English in 1740, but it is not available. Before considering extracts from it, the book should be roughly placed in Machiavellian tradition. Machiavellian is an English word for statecraft without morality from the time of Ascham. An industrious student has found some four hundred allusions to Machiavelli in Elizabethan literature. Few of these are derived from the text of the "Prince"; indeed, the Italian text was not translated until 1640. Chief among these allusions is Marlowe's well-known prologue to the "Jew of Malta":

Albeit the world think Machiavel is dead,
 Yet was his soul but flown beyond the Alps,
 And, now the *Güte* is dead, is come from France
 To view this land and frolic with his friends.
 To some perhaps my name is odious,
 But such as love me guard me from their tongues;
 And weigh not men, and therefore not men's words.
 Admired I am of those that hate me most.
 Though some speak openly against my books,
 Yet will they read me, and thereby attain
 To Peter's chair; and when they cast me off,
 Are poisoned by my climbing followers.
 I count religion but a childish toy,
 And hold there is no sin but ignorance.

Marlowe's reference to the Duke of Guise connects his lines with the French book "Contre-Machiavell," a popular refutation of Machiavelli in France and Italy in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The book was translated into English in 1577. Four out of five of the ideas attributed to Machiavelli are not, according to E. Meyer, Heidelberg, 1897, to be found in the "Prince" at all. Gentillet, the writer of the French refutation, ascribes to the influence of Machiavelli's works the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the French policy from Henry II to Charles IX and Henry III, "who were generally believed to be well read in the 'Queen Mother's Bible,'" for Catherine di Medici was said to have brought Machiavelli's works into France.

The traditions came curiously together among both Catholics and Protestants. Clement VII decreed in 1531 that all of Machia-

*A. Gerber. *Machiavelli*. 1912.

velli's works be printed. Within twenty years twenty-five editions of the "Prince" were printed in Italian. Denunciation of the work began with its publication. In 1550 the Inquisition proscribed it, and seven years later decreed "the utter destruction of all his works." The Council of Trent confirmed the Index; and from that time on Protestants and Catholics seem to have had but one opinion of the "Prince." Doubtless the opinion was uncritical and unscholarly; doubtless Richard Mohl ("Geschichte und Literatur der Staatswissenschaft") is right in his judgment: "Machiavelli sinned—but he has been more sinned against." Yet one may not brush aside the tradition, nor its effects: there was probably reason for it.

Frederick's book, then, was not the first "Anti-Machiavelli." Only less interesting than the book is the story of its publication. Before his accession, Frederick's desire to write found various outlets. His essays, published long afterwards, are less forbidding than their titles imply. As Crown Prince, and anonymously, even if they were printed, he could say pretty much what he liked. His letters to Voltaire show that he frankly spoke of himself as an amateur, and faced the judgment of his amiable critic that he might enforce and sharpen doctrines in which he sincerely believed. To Voltaire, Frederick's ideas seemed to be important, and deserved printing in spite of expressions that were "not French." Reading the essays, one is left with the feeling that here, at any rate, Voltaire spoke as philosopher and man of letters, rather than as courtier. That Voltaire and Frederick had much political doctrine in common in these earlier days, their correspondence shows. That these doctrines were impracticable in the Prussia of his time Frederick soon came to believe. The speculative Crown Prince was lost in the affairs of the King—affairs the like of which would have appalled the debonair writer of the "Anti-Machiavelli."

In a letter to Voltaire of January, 1739, Frederick refers to his "Essay on Humanity":

A ruler, great or petty, should be a man whose business it is to remedy, as far as is in his power, human misery. Tyrants regard the world only as it affects themselves; their very oppression they do not understand, never having felt it themselves. . . . In a word, the economy of human nature is so made as to inspire humanity: a common likeness among men, equality of conditions, the indispensable need for each other, their miseries . . . the natural meeting of those congenial—all nature joins in enforcing upon us the great duty in which we may alone find happiness, and which spreads over each day of our lives new compensations.

On March 31, 1738, Frederick had written to Voltaire about the "Siècle de Louis XIV." "I only wish that you had not ranked Machiavelli, who was a dishonest man, with the great men of his century." Voltaire answers, "Voilà donc—Machiavelli is stricken from the list of great men."

Machiavelli's "Prince" does not appear in the correspondence until March 22, 1739. "I'm thinking about a book on Machiavelli's 'Prince.'" On December 4 following Frederick sends Voltaire the first twelve chapters. On April 26, 1740, he writes: "I turn my book over to you, persuaded that it will improve in your hands; it needs your crucible to separate the gold from the dross." Voltaire looked after the printing. The manuscript was sent to van Duren, at The Hague. By the end of September the first edition was printed, under the title "L'Antimachiavelli." But Frederick

was now King; it would never do to have the book printed as it was. Hurriedly he got word to Voltaire to tone the text down and write an introduction. Voltaire did so, but not to the King's satisfaction. There was talk of another edition. The printer saw to it that his original edition was sold: it went to the libraries of Europe, and must have freshened the gossip of the chancelleries.*

I take extracts from this first text, not as refutations of Machiavelli, but as characteristic of Frederick before his accession. He erected no system of political philosophy; indeed he expresses contempt of such systems.

Since the sixteenth century he finds that a healthy morality has become generally diffused among the people, and he makes morality the basis of his criticism. On Machiavelli's rule that the only way to secure a conquered state is to destroy it, he asks: "Why does a Prince desire to conquer it? To augment his power and make himself more formidable? But if he has weakened the conquered state and made the people miserable he has weakened himself. Mere extent of territory does not make a state great: small, industrious, and contented Holland is as great as Russia, just beginning to cut a figure in Europe."

"I venture the opinion that every King whose policies have but the object of making him feared will reign over rascals and slaves. Nor may he expect large achievements from his subjects, for everything done through fear and timidity bears their stamp." Reaction against his earlier training is apparent: "A prince fulfills only a part of his duty if he applies himself merely to arms; princes should be primarily judges, arms are but accessory."

"One may never succeed in persuading republicans who are really free to impose upon themselves a master, even the best; their one answer will be: 'It's better to depend upon the laws than upon the caprice of a single man.' I should, for more than one reason, love the blood—the ancestry—of heroes; but I love merit much more. One who is raised to empire no longer has ancestors; his capacity is thought of, not his family."

Of a prince's religious professions: "It seems to me that people have great tolerance for errors in opinion, when corruption of the heart does not follow in their train. The people will care more for a free-thinking prince who is an honest man than for an orthodox rascal who works mischief. It is not the thoughts of a prince but what he does that makes his people happy." "That country is happiest when a common charity between sovereign and people spreads over society a gentleness, without which life is a dead weight, and the world a valley of bitterness." "That great truth, that we should do to others as we would have them do to us, becomes the basic principle of laws and of the social compact; from it is born love of country, the one asylum of happiness."

Of diplomacy: "A prince's ministers at foreign courts are privileged spies who watch the conduct of sovereigns to whose courts they are sent. They must see through plans, get to the bottom of apparently trivial matters, foresee action of any kind so as to inform their sovereign in time. The chief ob-

ject of their mission is presumably to strengthen ties of friendship between the two sovereigns; but instead of being peace-makers they are often the direct agents of war."

Of alliances: "In these critical times of alliances the prudence of rulers should be more than ordinarily vigilant. It is most necessary that they should analyze with minute attention the nature of the things promised, that they may be able to fulfil them." "A prince whose candor is well known will draw to himself infallibly the confidence of Europe; he will be happy without trickery and powerful by his own virtue. Peace and happiness in a state act as a centre where all the ways of politics unite; and this should be the aim of negotiations."

"The peace of Europe rests chiefly on the maintenance of a wise equilibrium by which the superior power of one monarchy is balanced by the united forces of other sovereigns. If this equilibrium is disturbed it is much to be feared that a revolution will result out of which a new monarchy will establish itself on the ruins of smaller, independent states." "Honesty and worldly wisdom alike exact the good faith of princes; that they observe religiously treaty obligations in good faith and scrupulously; for the most effective protection of the people is faithfulness to an alliance. All wars which have had for their object the breaking down of usurpation, preserving legitimate rights, guaranteeing universal liberty, and escaping oppression and violence of the personally ambitious—such wars have been just wars. Blood shed in such wars need be no reproach to sovereigns entering them; for in such circumstances war is a less evil than peace."

"Still it may be said in general that war is so fruitful of evil, the issue is so uncertain, the results are so ruinous for a country, that it is not possible for a prince to reflect too deeply before engaging in war. Acts of violence committed by troops in the enemy's country are nothing in comparison with the miseries which recoil directly upon the states of those princes who have entered the war. A declaration of war is an act of such grave and pervasive importance that one is astonished that so many kings have made it with so little hesitation."

"I believe that if monarchs could see a picture, faithful and true, of the miseries in which people are involved by a single declaration of war, they could never afterward be insensible of these results. Their imagination is not lively enough for them to conceive of these evils as they are, for they have not known such evils personally. Their position has protected them. How can they know anything of overpowering imposts and taxes that crush out the heart of a nation; of the vanishing youth of a nation; of contagious diseases that lay waste whole armies; of the horror of battle and of the more murderous siege; the suffering and penury of those who lose arms, limbs, or organs upon which they must depend for a livelihood; the helplessness of orphans, the loss to the state of men whom war cuts off before their time? Princes, whose only excuse for living is that they should make people happier, would do well to think of all this before exposing their people, for vain or frivolous reasons, to everything that mankind has every reason to fear and hate." "Princes are blinded by their passions and ambitions which paint the most violent acts in attractive colors. War is the last resource in extremity; it should be in-

*In Voltaire's account of this occurs the following sentence: "Je lui représentais qu'il n'était peut-être pas convenable d'imprimer son livre précisément dans le temps même qu'on pourrait lui reprocher d'en violer les préceptes."

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voked only in a desperate case, and then only after the reasons for it show no illusion of pride."

"Happy would he be who could destroy the Machiavellianism of the world! Those who govern the world must convince it by example. They must cure the public of its conception of politics: politics, which should be a system of wisdom, but which is popularly thought of as being the breviary of deceit. Those who govern must banish the subtleties and bad faith in treaties, and give life to honesty and candor, rarely found among sovereigns. They must show that they are less jealous of their neighbors' provinces than of the integrity of their own states."

"The world would be well-to-do if it had only negotiations by which to establish peace, maintain justice, and preserve agreement between nations. Reasons would take the place of arms, argument that of murder. Troublesome necessity obliges princes to have recourse to the more cruel way at times; thus arises the paradox that a good war causes and assures a good peace."

"But rulers who regard their subjects as slaves, sacrifice them without pity and see them perish without regret. Only those princes who regard men as their equals—or the body of which they are the soul—are careful of the blood of their subjects."

"In ending this book I beg that other rulers will not take offence at the freedom with which I have spoken to them: my purpose is to tell the truth, to excite virtue and to flatter no one. So high an opinion have I of reigning sovereigns that I deem them worthy of hearing the truth. To the Neros, the Alexander VIIs, the Cesar Borgias, the Louis XIIs, one would not dare tell the truth. High praise for the princes of Europe that one may bravely bare before them the vices of royalty, contrary alike to feelings of humanity and justice."

To Frederick, Machiavelli was a small man: he presents only slender ideas; "his narrow soul embraces only such projects as are proper to the politics of petty princes." His most biting satire Frederick saves for such princes as keep up "households," not governments or states; who pretend to have an army, but have merely a lot of servants in uniform. Frederick must have seen much of this in the Germany of his day, and, though his satire was directed to Italy, he must also have hit nearer home.

Professor Münsterberg has warned us against taking literature too seriously as evidence for psychological induction. One might hazard a contrary point of view and assert that literature is cumulative evidence of human nature worth preserving and study for just such induction. Frederick's counterblast to Machiavelli, a royal challenge to royalty, is unique among human documents. Sovereigns, as well as other human beings, have professed one thing and done another; but no prince wrote a book of this sort within a year of his coronation.

Descriptions of German and other translations of "The Anti-Machiavelli" were published in 1756, the first year of the Seven Years' War. Frederick's name does not appear, but by this time the authorship must have been an open secret. Royally audacious one may call the tergiversation of Frederick between "Anti-Machiavelli" and Silesia, and the popular notion that Fritz had the devil in him may have been a tribute to his practical mastery of Machiavelli's own game.

Correspondence.

THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Recently the *Nation* contained correspondence from "Observer" entitled "Demos and the Professor," which may be recalled because of its unusual facility of expression and its lack of sympathy with the submerged nine-tenths. This theme would not invite comment did not the laborer of the "proletarian come to college" turn the weaknesses of democracy into a defense of universities in general, and the University of Wisconsin in particular.

One does not need to scurry to the aid of Dr. William H. Allen, of the Wisconsin State Board of Affairs, who investigated the State University. It can be easily believed that most alumni are not interested in whether Dr. Allen is great or only near-great. However, the informed are not unaware of his influence upon the character of municipal government in this country, and of his record, to which anonymous calumny is unimportant. Real friends of the University cannot be so much concerned with the sins of democracy, or the personality of its instruments, as with the suggestions which have been made.

Graduates who have remained in a university atmosphere, or have only recently left it, must perforce believe that in this instance the institution has been attacked without cause. Those who have emerged from the academic influence, and who have occasion to evaluate the services of any considerable number of recent university graduates, know that they do not, without considerable supplementary training, meet the requirements of public and private business. The Survey has indicated in many particulars why these requirements are not being met. As a graduate and well-wisher of the University of Wisconsin, and an employer of university products, I am interested in what steps are being taken to improve that product, rather than how, or why, or by whom, or under what circumstances, the suggestions for improvement came.

L. D. UPSON.

Dayton, O., June 24.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to reply to the article, "Demos and the Professor," which appeared in the *Nation* of May 27.

The mistake to which I especially call your attention is the sentence: "The Wisconsin Board of Public Affairs and the Citizens' Advisory Committee that sat with it have made a report which, though it naturally contains some criticisms, appears to stand by the University in all the essentials of controversy."

The above sentence is wrong in assuming, first, that the State Board had as a Board made a report; secondly, that the Citizens' Advisory Committee sat with the Board when the report was being made. The majority of the State Board never saw the report and not one member of the Advisory Committee saw the whole report, and only two saw even fragments of the report. There is no possibility of controversy on this point.

As to the content of the report and its "standing by" the University, there is likewise no possibility for honest difference of interpretation. The language is plain. Sure-

ly the *Nation* will not carry its personal animosities so far as to assert that with respect to the following the State Board "appears to stand by the University":

(1.) University in Politics—State Board's report said there was no evidence; my report said there was no evidence (p. 9).

(2.) Research—"There is evidence tending to show that some few forget their responsibilities and use the sincere and earnest work done by the many as a cloak of indolence. To prevent this it is necessary that every member engaged in research work be held to the same degree of accountability" (Board's report, p. 13).

(3.) Cost of Research—The Board stands by neither the University nor the survey, but says: "The Board presents no statistics relating to this matter" (p. 13).

(4.) Academic Freedom—The Board says (p. 13) it should be defended; I say it is protected.

(5.) Graduate Work—The Board does not refer to one point raised in my report, namely, points of supervision, offerings in catalogue, distinction between graduate students (some of whom I showed to be taking exclusively freshman and sophomore work) and work of graduate grade, administration of dean's office, etc.

(6.) Social Science Work—My report said, needed to be increased; the Board says the same (p. 14).

(7.) Practical Field Work—The Board says should be extended, not confined to professional and graduate courses, should be provided in all possible courses and given the credit "justified by its quality as determined by supervision and reports" (p. 14). My recommendations were practically the same, but were criticised by the University as "pious opinion" (p. 927).

(8.) Outside Work of Professors—The Board says that some members take unwarranted advantage of present opportunities (p. 14-15). I do not say that. The Board agrees with my statement that this is a matter to be attended to by administrative authorities without depriving the institution of many benefits. My report lists opinions of faculty members in support of outside work.

(9.) Pensions—My report recommended payment by State instead of by Carnegie Foundation. The Board said (p. 15) that the Carnegie plan and the Wisconsin State pension plan were too new to justify conclusions, and recommended experience and observation of the present arrangement. President Van Hise agrees with me that it would be well for the State to assume responsibility for its own pensions; so does President Pritchett, of the Carnegie Foundation.

(10.) Supervision of Instruction—My report advised more supervision to include classroom visitation. The University said this would hamper personality and drive the best men away from the University. This is one of the most important controversies. Instead of "standing by" the University the Board says that even those members "who have demonstrated definitely the excellency of their scholarship and pedagogical methods" (p. 16) should be adequately supervised and that such supervision should include visitation of classes. In this recommendation President Butler of Columbia agrees as shown by his last annual report so far as concerns younger men. I said that lack of supervision means failure to distinguish efficiency from inefficiency. The State Board said that "ade-

quate supervision is as useful in revealing merit as in discovering inefficiency" (p. 16).

(11.) Cost of Living—There was no issue between the University and my report. The State Board (pp. 16-17) summarizes facts the tabulation of which I organized before leaving the State and the importance of which, when finished, I referred to in my report. My report recommended investigations in this subject, definite information in catalogue, definite warning against extravagance.

(12.) Student Supervision and Student Advisers—My report commended recent advance steps. So does the Board. I showed where further improvement was needed. The Board says: "There is evidence, however, that it is not as effective in all cases as it should be . . . the Board urges those in authority to improve the system wherever and however possible, and to stimulate those acting as supervisors and student advisers to make this branch of service highly effective" (pp. 17-18).

(13.) Non-Resident Students—My report recommended that decision as to non-resident students wait for tabulations which the University promised April, 1914, again in August, again in October, and has not yet completed. The Board, instead of insisting upon the completion of that tabulation, reported facts that had already been published, plus several other facts which are incorrect, but which, when analyzed, disprove the University's contention (pp. 18-20).

(14.) University's Portion of Educational Money—My report says that it is easier for the University to get money than it is for the common schools. The Board admits this. Its records show it is true. The Board says (p. 28) that it "is not a cause for alarm." I did not say it was cause for alarm, but definitely recommended against reducing the University's future appropriations because of previous disproportions, and advised giving the University what it needed to do the work the State expected it to do.

(15.) Junior Colleges—My report says junior colleges are needed. The University said the time was not ripe for them. The State Board says that they are needed and are practicable (pp. 28-31).

(16.) Relation of University to High Schools—The point in controversy between the University and my report was whether high-school inspection should be for the purpose of accrediting. I said it should not be; the University said it should. The State Board says it should not and that University inspection should be continued "for the sole purpose of improving the quality of instruction in the subjects each community decides to place in its high school" (p. 31). I recommended a further reason—namely, that the University should ascertain whether its graduates are efficient teachers and whether its University teaching of them was efficient.

(17.) Foreign Language Requirements—One of the most serious controversies was as to whether the foreign-language requirements should be abolished. The University said it would be harmful to abolish them. I recommended further study before abolishing. The State Board recommends abolishing—"a State university should provide regular courses leading to graduation and degrees without foreign language requirements of any kind" (p. 32).

(18.) Student Contact with Strong Men—The State Board agrees with my report and goes even farther and urges that "some plan

be provided for bringing under-classmen into more frequent contact with the strong men of the faculty in all departments." The Board's report also says that under-classmen are now "deprived of the inspiration that may come from more or less frequent contact" and that this lack of proper contact is one reason for so many dropping out before they reach the upper classes (p. 33).

(19.) University High School—The cause of the most bitter attacks upon the survey. My report recommended that the high school be given to the public school system of Madison as Teachers College has given the Speyer School this year. The Board said that the school should be allowed to "demonstrate its usefulness and efficiency before judgment is passed." My report said that the teaching and administration were inefficient. The Board says: "Investigation shows that further attention to these matters is necessary" (p. 33).

(20.) Size of Classes—The Board used the survey's figures and agreed with my recommendation that "only such small classes should be continued as are fully justified upon investigation" (p. 34).

(21.) Military Drill—The Board recommends no change. My report recommended substitution of optional for compulsory drill (p. 34). This latter plan is favored by the commandant in charge of military drill, by the department of physical education, by influential regents, and by important educational officers.

(22.) Length of School Year—I recommended four quarters of twelve weeks. The Board recommends investigation of how it is working, of the State's demand, etc.

(23.) University Extension—The Board agreed with me in general praise of this work. It also agreed with me that "now better organization and more systematic management of the Extension Division are demanded and that the instructional force should be strengthened" (p. 36).

This is the end of that part of the report which was written by a small committee of the Board, contributed to slightly by two members of the Advisory Committee, and never submitted to either the full Board or the full Committee.

Surely no person who can read English finds in the report thus far any evidence that it "stands by the University in all the essentials of controversy."

The Board's report extends from page 9 to page 37. From page 39 to page 142 is matter not written by the Board's committee, not submitted to some of them, not submitted to the majority of the Board, or to any of the Advisory Committee. Even this matter does not stand by the University in all the essentials of controversy. Whoever says so does not read the record.

(1.) Land Values Wasted—Pages 39-58 contain a vast amount of detail, much of which was in my files and which it did not seem worth while to print. The Board reached a different conclusion from mine as to the value of condemnation proceedings. Its evidence is not conclusive, although it expresses an opinion that no advantage is shown "resulting from a resort to condemnation." I doubt if the *Nation* wants to stand by the comparison (p. 57). The Legislature was unwilling to accept the Board's conclusions and appointed a legislative committee which is soon to report.

(2.) University Building Programme—The

Board says: "A study of the present use of class-room space shows a high percentage of non-use in certain cases" (p. 62). That agrees with my report. The reports and charts later referred to by the Board are those made by the survey. The Board further recommends "the fullest use consistent with educational efficiency"—so did I. It says the study by the University of the reports and charts made by the survey "will result in a larger use of the present buildings." In fact, it goes so far as to say that with two exceptions "for which provision has already been made, no additional buildings for instructional purposes will be required, at the present rate of growth, for several years."

(3.) Dormitories—The Board recommends that precedence be given to building dormitories—so did I. It also recommends that "in the assignment of accommodations in dormitories the requirements of the Legislature be followed rigidly in giving preference to the students from this State"—so did I (Board's Reports, p. 62).

(4.) Business Organization—Pages 63-142 are given to a lot of material that serves a valuable historical purpose. Most of it is lifted straight from University documents. Most of the charts, including the diagram opposite page 70, were prepared at the survey's request and will be found in our files. This matter is descriptive and not controversial with few exceptions. Had I been given a chance, I could have called attention to the fact that the student totals on page 71 included short-term as well as long-term students, and gave an inflated impression of cost base. On page 83 the cost of research and on page 85 the per capita cost of instructional work are given and are sufficiently incorrect so that they disagree with the University's own figures in answer to my report. They are considerably lower than the figures given recently by the University to the Legislature. The budget procedure described is not the procedure followed. It fails to show, for example, defects in budget procedure which have since been corrected as suggested in my report or other defects not corrected, such as that the budget requests for the next biennium went to the Legislature and Governor without first going to the regents—as stated in the first paragraph of the syllabus that went to the Legislature.

The junk of blanks and forms that give the impression of business-like procedure is characterized on pages 124 and 126 by the chartered accountants, Marwick, Mitchell, Peat & Co., in their official audit report as part of an accounting system which (a) is maintained more on a cash receipts and disbursements basis than on an income and expenditure basis; (b) makes it impracticable to prepare a statement showing the financial position of the University; (c) records no accruals of revenue or expense; (d) is not in accordance with modern methods, being particularly deficient as regards provision for effective accounting control over students' fees, etc.

Thus even here, in spite of all the "trappings and the suits" of business efficiency, this report supports my report.

That is all that is in the report called the State Board's report. Any one who has told you that by any specific reference the Board has supported the University in the matter of the controversies has deliberately or unconsciously misinformed you.

There is one sentence only that could give

any color to your statement. If you will find how it happened to be run in the State Board's report and how much the University had to do with it, you will find opportunity for a new crusade. That sentence is on page 36: "In several particulars the Board of Public Affairs does not accept either the conclusions or findings of one or the other [forty] of the investigators employed by it; but either because of want of full information or for other satisfactory reasons this Board withholds specific recommendations."

The record shows that there are two reasons—(1) that most of the Board were running for office and had no time to read the detailed reports; (2) that the University had enough personal influence to prevent the Board's going over the detail. The Board does not pretend to have gone over the detailed reports, and will write you quite frankly to that effect. The working papers are so clearly marked that it would have been easy to check the facts.

WILLIAM H. ALLEN.

Madison, Wis., June 14.

[The implication that the *Nation* has any personal grudge against Mr. Allen or anybody else in Wisconsin is, of course, merely ridiculous. In justice to Mr. Allen we publish his letter. We cannot give space to a long controversy on the matter, or to a restatement of the situation. Careful inquiries among correspondents in whose judgment we have the utmost confidence convince us, however, that the position taken by the *Nation* is in essentials correct.—ED. THE NATION.]

AN AMERICAN HISTORIAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reading your semi-centennial number I was interested in Mr. Thayer's account of historical production since 1865. It may be that the exclusion of John B. McMaster from among the leading American historians represents an ecumenical judgment—at least as Harvard is popularly supposed to deliver it. But is it to be received? Certainly Mr. McMaster is not "machine made"; academic Germany had no influence on him; his early interests were those of the civil engineer; and he is the one professor of American History whose reputation is not based on the making of textbooks and pedagogical impedimenta. As he holds the first chair of American history established in the United States, so it is recognized that "no writer of our time has taken more pains to reach the ultimate basis for knowledge of the history of our country." . . . Throughout ten laborious days he has been hewing roads through the wilderness in order that others might easily travel" (Prof. A. B. Hart). Without the prestige of the social position and wealth of Adams and Rhodes, McMaster worked alone and revolutionized the writing of American history, and certainly has been no man's disciple either in method or in style. To a former student of Professor McMaster and a reader of the *Nation* for thirty years the omission to mention his contribution to our intellectual life seems extraordinary.

I am aware of the fact that no writer under the circumstances could do more than indicate the general features of historical production. But if Stubbs has to be referred to, why not

Henry C. Lea also? Is it nothing for an American to have thrown light over large tracts of ecclesiastical thought and practice? The *Nation* knows what Lea thought of it and how valiantly the latter stood with Mr. Godkin in those early battles for civil and municipal reform. The *Ledger*, the other day, expressed wonder at the inability of Philadelphia to retain its men of distinction. Your contemporary may find an explanation in a letter dated July 3, 1863, written by Col. Charles Russell Lowell to Miss Shaw, his future wife: "Comfortable times are not the ones that make a people great—see what too much comfort has reduced Philadelphia to." But McMaster and Lea survived the comfort; and there are many Philadelphians who hope Mr. Thayer will not take too literally Henry Adams's observation that our traitors were fewer than our geniuses.

JOHN L. STEWART.

South Bethlehem, Pa., July 16.

WARSAW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In discussions of one of the most mooted questions of the war—that of the attitude of certain belligerents towards treaties—it is not surprising that well-known doctrines of Machiavelli should occasionally have been cited. But the great Renaissance thinker's ideas on the science of warfare are scarcely less interesting than those he has given us on statecraft.

In view of the fall of Warsaw, the following lines, from the thirty-seventh chapter of the third book of Machiavelli's "Discourses on the First Decade of Livy," are not without interest:

" . . . No towns are to be defended save those whose loss necessarily involves your ruin. . . . Provided your army be kept together, you do not, in losing what you voluntarily abandon, forfeit your military reputation, or sacrifice your hopes of victory."

GEORGE B. WESTON.

Harvard University, August 6.

HISTORICAL PICTURES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On visiting the Metropolitan Museum the other day I observed with regret that Bierstadt's *The Rocky Mountains* had been hung on one of the staircase landings. Doubtless it has been here for some time, but it is not too late to hope that this sojourn on the staircase is not a temporary stop on the way to the cellar. Whatever its artistic qualities this picture is a most interesting and characteristic one, and should always be on view at the Museum.

There are in the Metropolitan, as in every Museum, many pictures which are chiefly interesting for their significance in the history of art and civilization. Leutze's great picture of Washington Crossing the Delaware ought always to hold its place, whatever may be thought of its artistic value. It is a wonderful embodiment of the heroic Washington, a splendid production of the legending period of our country's history. We would not have one single item different, even the watch-fob of the father of his country. Such a picture explains a period of our country's history better than hundreds of textbooks; that period in which Washington was a demigod, in which the makers of the Constitution were mythic

heroes, and the principles of American democracy the divine ideals of our national life. We need a picture of this kind to enable us to understand and to interpret not merely the mythical period of our political life, but also its heroic period.

In something the same way will the student of art and culture always look at Bierstadt's *The Rocky Mountains*. One of the dominant American ideals from 1800 to 1850 was the grandiose conception of the American Scene. Not only here, but abroad, was America the country of the vast wilderness, of the astounding cataract, of the inland sea, of the awful and inaccessible mountain top. The American Forest, the Great Lakes, Niagara—not to say the whole conception of the Hudson River School—was as much a part of our national life as the heroic Washington, the divine Constitution, the inerrant fathers of the Republic. The Rocky Mountains were for many years typical of the ideals of America.

We have got past the Rockies now, and know them more as they are—as we know Washington, the Constitution, and the fathers of the Republic. But the record of our fathers' feeling should be preserved and honored.

This picture of Bierstadt's formerly hung in the place now occupied by Church's *Heart of the Andes*. The two pictures represent in perfection the final product of that grandiose conception of romantic landscape in America which is so strong an element in Bryant and Irving, in Cooper and Willis, and which is represented in American painting by Cole, Durand, Kensett, the elder Weir, Moran, as well as Bierstadt and Church.

Of this epoch in American art the Museum possesses these two typical and perfect pictures of Bierstadt and Church. It has also admirable specimens of Durand and Kensett. It still lacks fine examples of Cole, of the elder Weir, of Thomas Moran. But the student of American art ought some day to be able to pass from the two characteristic pictures by Wilson in the Hearne Collection to some really typical specimen of the early work of Thomas Cole, who was so much influenced by Wilson; he should then be able to study the slightly later work of Durand; and he should be able finally to note how the different elements to be seen in these earlier masters mingle in Weir and Kensett, and finally produce in Moran, in Bierstadt, and in Church pictures so typical of the national mind and character that no change of artistic ideals can ever make them negligible.

The Museum has rich material for the study of American landscape after 1850. But of the earlier phases—and these are more truly American if less artistic—there is not nearly enough as it is. There are two excellent pictures by Doughty, but there is nothing by Fisher, his contemporary, who is really a more important figure in the development of American landscape. There is nothing by W. G. Wall or Bennett. There is no really satisfactory picture by Cole. The Oxbow is representative of a good deal in Cole's method of painting, which is interesting, but is not at all representative of his ideal of romantic landscape, which is the most interesting thing about him.

I long to see the Museum increase its representation of this phase of American landscape, not diminish it. There used to be on one of the landings a number of Kensett which have now disappeared. This is as it should be; the Kensett which remains is a

typical presentation of a scene that was classic in American landscape. Bierstadt's *Rocky Mountains* is also a classic and one of far more importance.

No other picture by the painter is so typical of the national feeling of its day. The *Lake Corcoran* in Washington would be as good but for the accident of its subject. This picture is perfect of its kind; no other picture can ever take its place. Some time, perhaps, the authorities of the Museum may find a place for it where its representative significance will be fully grasped.

EDWARD E. HALE.

Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., June 16.

THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I call to your attention the present condition of the House of the Seven Gables, which you speak of as "virtually uncared for"?

Several years ago it was purchased by a well-to-do citizen of Salem, and she has put it into as nearly as possible the original order. When the tourist opens the door of the shop, a little bell tinkles and he finds himself in the quaint little hallway, with "Gibraltars" and other small articles for sale. Guides are furnished, and he is taken over the entire house. The secret stair is climbed, with some difficulty; the scenes of various incidents in the romance are pointed out. Already, since its opening, several thousand people have visited it.

Another house of ancient lineage has been moved to the adjacent lot, and here settlement work is carried on, for the benefit of the foreign population which now occupies that part of the city. The Seven Gables Camp is also maintained in New Hampshire by these settlement-workers, and thither the children of the neighborhood are taken for periods during the warm months.

Thus the House of the Seven Gables is not only a shrine for the literary tourist, but also a civic centre for the training of our future citizens.

CAROLINE H. TAYLOR.

Salem, July 31.

"LIGHT UPON THE WIND."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A correspondent in your issue of July 1, referring to Tennyson's expression "O light upon the wind" ("Passing of Arthur," line 46), asserts against other authorities that "light" should be read as the adjective and not as the noun. It hardly seems that there can be any question about this reading, for Tennyson must surely have had in mind those other ghosts, more famous than Gawain, in Dante's best-known episode (*Inferno*, Canto v, line 75), Paolo and Francesca, who "seem to be so light upon the wind" (*paion si al vento esser leggeri*).

A correspondent in your issue of June 17 ("A Neapolitan Jacky-My-Lantern") refers to "the ancient Greek prototype of Mark Twain's 'Jumping Frog of Calaveras County.'" That is a joke which seems to have been too much for Mark Twain himself, who, because his delectable myth was retold for translation into Greek in the well-known "Introduction to Greek Prose Composition" by Arthur Sิดwick (Part I, Exercise xxi), apparently believed that a story similar to his was to be found in ancient Greek.

A similar hoax may be worth mentioning, perpetrated by Browning in "Aristophanes' Apology" (line 1078), where the modest Athenian lad is represented as singing "some grave romaut."

How man of Mitilene, wondrous wise,
Jumped into hedge, by mortals quickset called,
And there, anticipating Oidipous,
Scratched out his eyes and scratched them in again.

The only Greek original for that may have been discovered by Browning in the delightful classical version of a familiar nursery-rhyme ("There was a man in our town" or "The Man of Thessaly") by Samuel Butler, Bishop of Litchfield (printed in "Arundines Cami," Cambridge, 1843):

'Εγ ω τυχόντων θέτταλος τις θυ διηρ,
θι ιργος ἀπεχειροε τλημονόστατος·
δκανθογροκοκκόβατος εισθάτο,
δίσσας τ' ἀπεξώριες οφθαλμῶν κόρα.
ωι οὖν τὰ πραχθέντα ίβλεπεν τυφλος γεγός,
οι μην ίπεπτητοι ούδετο, διλ' εικαρδίας
βάτος τοι' θλητη θλατ' εις διασθίητο,
κάκ τοδι' έγένετο έκαιτος δε τυφλος βλέπων.

H. H. YEAMES.

Geneva, N. Y., July 16.

Literature

A YEAR AGO.

The Diplomacy of the War of 1914: I: The Beginnings of the War. By Ellery C. Stowell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$5 net.

For any accurate history of the military events of the great war we must probably wait for years until the staff orders and reports have been studied. The case is different in regard to the diplomatic history. Now that all the principal Powers have published their white, orange, red, gray, blue, and yellow papers, we are in a position to know pretty nearly as much of the international relations in the days immediately preceding the war as we shall ever know. It is possible to subject these papers to an analysis with the hope of reaching fairly complete and final conclusions. This is what Mr. Stowell has done in an admirably clear and impartial fashion. After a good brief review of the main factors in European history from 1814 to 1914 he comes directly to the analysis of the documents following the Serajevo tragedy until August 5, when the English Ambassador at Berlin received his passports.

The author's method is good. He divides the whole subject into topics according to countries, and under each topic gathers together all pertinent extracts from the documents, connecting and explaining them with criticism of his own and of others. In appendices he reprints conveniently many other documents which bear on the question. Thus he lets the sources speak for themselves and lets the reader have the benefit of all the interpretation and comment which is worth while.

Mr. Stowell rightly regards as the chief underlying cause of the war the disturbance of the balance of power between the Triple

Alliance and the Triple Entente. The agreement of the English and Russians in Persia, the co-operative Anglo-French naval arrangement, the military reorganization of Russia, and other factors had strengthened the Triple Entente and made it clear that time was working against the Triple Alliance. Furthermore, the Triple Alliance had been weakened by Italy's desertion of Germany at Algeciras, by Italy's attack in 1911 on Germany's Turkish friend, and by the settlement of the Agadir affair, which Germans regarded as a diplomatic defeat for Germany. Even German papers, indignant at the Kaiser's efforts for peace in that crisis, had not hesitated to speak of William the Poltroon. Another blow was dealt to the Triple Alliance when the Balkan allies carved up the Turkish territory in Europe. The crime of Serajevo came as the last straw. Germany and Austria felt that they were face to face with a dilemma: either they had to resign themselves to further loss of prestige and to the increase of Russian influence in the Balkans, thus endangering the existence of Austria, or they had to regain prestige by teaching Servia a lesson, even though in so doing they were risking the peace of Europe. The German Foreign Office did not know the exact terms of the Austrian note to Servia before it was presented, and found it convenient not to know them, for it could then maintain with a better face that the dispute was purely between Austria and Servia, and ought to be localized. "It seems most probable that Germany did not really wish to force a war, and that her real purpose was to secure a diplomatic triumph and force the Entente Powers to recognize the paramount influence of Austria in Servia" (p. 123).

As to the immediate responsibility for the war, Mr. Stowell holds that Servia was blameless. As to Austria and Russia, either might easily have obviated the contributing causes of the conflict, Austria by consenting to modify the terms of her note to Servia, and Russia by refraining from her premature and unnecessarily hasty steps towards mobilization. "By this premature mobilization Russia did, I believe, throw away the last remaining chance of peace" (p. 486). This is all the more to be regretted as Russia had up to July 29 maintained a very conciliatory attitude. For Sir Edward Grey the author has, and rightly, the greatest admiration, believing that he did everything reasonably possible to prevent the widening of the conflict beyond Servia and Austria. Instead of heaping blame upon him, like Bernard Shaw, Mr. Stowell thinks he ought rather to be awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for his very active, untiring, and intelligent work to preserve peace.

Perhaps the most valuable chapter is that on the complicated question of the origin, character, and obligations connected with the neutralization of Belgium. Mr. Stowell makes it clear that it is not quite accurate to say that England came into the war because of Germany's violation of Belgium's

neutral. For on August 2 Grey's formal pledge to France that England would protect the French coast against a German attack may be looked upon as a conditional declaration of war. "A more accurate statement is that when Germany violated Belgium's neutrality, England decided to change from partial and specially restricted intervention in the war to a general engagement of all her forces against Germany" (p. 351). And this change was due as much to the necessity of protecting England's vital interests as to her obligation to maintain her guarantee of Belgium's neutrality. The author's discussion of the neutralization of Belgium, with its many-sided problems, is rich in suggestions for those who believe it desirable that the United States should seek to obtain the neutralization of the Philippines.

In his closing pages (491-515) Mr. Stowell has some very sensible remarks about the Kaiser's responsibility, German "mental mobilization," and "nationalistic myopia," and the strengthening of international as opposed to national ideals which he hopes is to be one of the fruits of the war. While rejecting as impracticable many of the half-baked schemes of the pacifists, he calls attention with approval to the "super-empire" which England has been forming with the United States by her acquiescence in the Monroe Doctrine, with Japan by the treaty of 1902, with France by the naval arrangement as to the Mediterranean and the North Sea, and with Russia by the spheres of influence and buffer strip in Persia. The basic idea of this super-empire is that the interests of all in every part of the world shall be cared for by the representative able to act on the spot in the most effective manner—all for the purpose of securing a reasonable observance of the rules of international law. It allows each co-operating empire to restrict its armament to the minimum required for the defence and development of the interests to be protected in its immediate sphere.

Of unfavorable criticism there is little to be said except to warn the reader that the "Conclusions" and "Questions and Answers," though expressed with much nicety, do not always precisely accord with, or quite reach, the admirable impartiality of the author's main treatment in connection with the documents. In the chronological table of events some attempt should have been made to arrange the events by hours as well as by days. There is no sense in indicating (p. 683) as the first event on August 2 the German ultimatum to Belgium, which, in fact, was not presented until 7 P. M.; the first item should doubtless be the German violation of Luxembourg, which took place "very early" on that day. Telegraphic action took place so swiftly at that fatal time that hours were more important than days under ordinary conditions. It is only by having before us the precise moment at which things were said and done that we can place ourselves in the position of the chief actors and judge of their motives. Though otherwise generally accurate in de-

tail, one should read 1882 for 1883 (p. 8), August 10 for August 6 (p. 29), 1634 for 1609 (p. 372), and Dumouriez for Maurier (p. 375).

On the whole, students are likely to find this the most helpful and generally satisfactory volume on the immediate causes of the war which has appeared in English, and will look forward to the two following books planned by the author, one on the diplomacy during the war, and one on the negotiations which will some day bring the war to a close.

CURRENT FICTION.

Pieces of the Game. By the Countess de Chambrun. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

To prove the innate patriotism of the American writer, it is only necessary to observe that, in the thousand and one books written on international marriage, the abused and misunderstood member of the union is, nine times out of ten, a son or daughter of this country. It is just barely possible that there is something to be said on the other side, and this conclusion becomes reinforced by a reading of Clara Longworth de Chambrun's latest effort. An American girl, of excellent family and great personal charm, marries a young French diplomat stationed at Washington. The girl has not only charm, but brains and stamina as well, being, on the whole, an unusually good example of what we are pleased to characterize as the "typical American girl." Her husband has all that she has and a trifle more in the shape of poise. The match is of that type known as "love, there being no wealth or need for social ambition on either side." Why, then, was the result what it was? No direct answer is given, but the author evidently desires to convey the impression that there is a wide gulf between the American and the Old World point of view. Except in isolated cases, there is and can be no common ground between them, for there is no common background. The pettiness of American society is utterly incompatible with the broader outlook of the old nobility. But generalization upon such a subject is unsafe. One is reminded of the showman's reply to the question which would win in a fight, a lion or a tiger. "It all depends on the particular lion and the individual tiger you have in mind."

On Desert Altars. By Norma Lorimer. New York: Brentano's.

Wives who sell themselves to buy their husband's health or success or happiness are getting to be among the more familiar assets of current fiction. The question as to whether wives should or should not do that kind of thing apparently remains open. It is still an unconventional kind of thing to do, but precedents are multiplying rapidly (in fiction), and conventions are a matter of precedent. Already we have reached that point of advancement at which husbands, after

some natural revolt, perceive that they have to choose between two kinds of fidelity, that to the body and that to the spirit. If a wife sees that her husband needs more pills or political offices or social amusement than he can get, she will naturally set about getting them for him. And the more perfectly she loves him the greater the sacrifice she will make. She is a thinking being, isn't she, and the equal of man, and able to choose? Hence the situation. Now, the present story-teller does not go so far as to assert that her English Alice is to be commended for selling herself to a rich Jew. But she plainly thinks it a quite natural and, on the whole, excusable error. You see, Alice's engineer husband is dying of African climate, but cannot come home for lack of a job there. The rich Jew tells Alice he will find him a job if—, and Alice succumbs. There is a half-Jew baby, but it dies in time to remove one obstacle from the forgiving path of the engineer husband, who, though restored to health, has been greatly put out by the discovery of his wife's sacrifice. In fact, he has turned her out of his house. But when he does see reason, he sees it with both eyes, and speeds with both feet to the only woman he has ever loved. His amends are really very handsomely made. "You were always wise," he says, "wise and clear-minded." But no. Alice will not quite have that. It is clear to her that she has "made a mistake—that my judgment had been at fault; that what I had considered as justifiable, under the extreme circumstances, a husband could not forgive." However this may be, it is now himself that her husband cannot forgive: "I want you, but I am totally unworthy, dearest. It is for me to implore you to take me back—to forget my brutality." So she takes him back. There hangs about the story an aroma of spinsterly eroticism.

Millstone. By Harold Begbie. New York: George H. Doran Co.

The author assures the reader, in his epilogue, that he has had no intention of writing anything here but a story: "While I was writing the book, absorbed in the temperaments of my characters, there came to me by a strange chance irrefutable evidence of a most terrible nature concerning the depths of degradation into which quite little children are forced by monsters to whom vice is only a means of earning money. I could not prevent myself from writing more earnestly, more courageously, yet I finished the book in the spirit which conceived it; no shadow of a purpose was allowed to cross its pages." Whatever may be true of the spirit of the author, his book is a tract. At the beginning we seem on the way to an interesting study of a repentant criminal; and even after he turns out to be a religious crank there is hope of him as a study for a novelist. But he has been a trafficker in the bodies of women and children; and the best that Mr. Begbie finds it possible to do for him is to see him well murdered at the hands of a victim, and then to set about his real business (whether or not he is con-

scious of it)—exposure by means of a concrete illustration of the immoral trade in children, about which, he says, even persons organized to fight the white-slave trade are for the most part ignorant. The details of his special instance are horrible enough, and deserve, no doubt, to be dwelt upon as representative of a widespread horror. Who will go into such matters? How shall they be got before the public in such form as fairly to rouse that apathetic beast? One cannot wonder that novelists of serious mind are doing what they can to answer these questions by means of their own vehicle. Nevertheless, the novel is not at its best as a vehicle. Such a theme as Mr. Begbie has here broached could be material for art only in the greatest hands. It is the kind of theme the New York stage was engrossed with a season or two ago—lamentably, so far as the art and dignity of that stage was concerned. A tract may be more effective for the moment when tricked out in the dress of fiction or the drama; but play and novel suffer in the process.

A NEW EDITION OF HERRICK.

The Poetical Works of Robert Herrick. Edited by F. W. Moorman. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 12s. 6d. net.

Fairly good texts of Herrick were not lacking, but it is a delight to the scholar and to the lover of poetry to have the "Hesperides" and "Noble Numbers" added to the beautifully printed critical editions of the Clarendon Press, which already included Spenser and Milton and other great names. The editor chosen is particularly suited for the task by his work on the "Biographical and Critical Study of Robert Herrick," published in 1910. It has been known that copies of the *editio princeps* of 1648 showed certain variations, due probably to corrections made by Herrick himself, while the sheets were printing. The first requisite, therefore, was to select for reproduction a copy of this edition which showed the author's later hand. And Mr. Moorman was wise in determining his choice partly on the presence of the word "warty" or "warty" in the second line of the poem to the "Dean-Bourn." Mr. Saintsbury, in preparing his text for the Aldine Edition, had rejected the former as a "conjecture." As a matter of fact, the word actually occurs in some copies of the original, but is cleverly regarded by Mr. Moorman as a printer's error which Herrick saw and corrected as the book was passing through the press. The reading "warty" is thus one of the tests of the better state of the text.

But this was only the beginning. All students of Herrick knew that a number of his poems existed in MSS. and in song books of the age, and exhibited striking variations of form. But only the minute scholar had any notion of the multitude of these variants. All these Mr. Moorman has collated with what appears to be painful exactitude, and he has given a full account of the results

in a Critical Appendix, leaving the body of the text in conformity with the *editio princeps*. He concludes from his examination that the more important of the variations indicate earlier versions of the poems, and that Herrick worked over his lines with loving care for many years before submitting them finally to the public. In some cases a poem passed through a number of stages, the chronology of which Mr. Moorman has tracked with notable acumen. We have, therefore, in this critical edition the opportunity of watching a seventeenth-century poet actually at work with file in hand—a rare opportunity, since this labor, if we may judge from results, was lamentably neglected by most of the writers of the age.

It is noteworthy that generally Herrick's self-criticism was in the direction of brevity and precision; in certain poems he even rejected whole stanzas as relentlessly as Gray was to do in another century. But not always. He occasionally added, and, in Mr. Moorman's opinion, he did not escape, now and then, substituting a weaker line for a stronger. One case of this kind is so interesting as to warrant special observation. It concerns the well-known problem which in the "Hesperides" appears thus:

To a Gentlewoman objecting to him his gray haires.

Am I despis'd, because you say,
And I dare sweare, that I am gray?
Know, Lady, you have but your day:
And time will come when you shall weare
Such frost and snow upon your haire:
And when (though long it comes to passe)
You question with your Looking-glasse;
And in that sincere *Christall* seek,
But find no Rose-bud in your cheek:
Nor any bed to give the shew
Where such a rare Carnation grew.
Ah! then too late, close in your chamber keep-

ing.

It will be told

That you are old;

By those true teares y'ree weeping.

In Playford's "Ayres and Dialogues" (1653) this poem is printed with fewer lines and under a different title, thus:

To his Mistress, objecting his age.

Am I despis'd because you say,
And I believe, that I am gray?
Know, Lady, you have but your day:
And night will come when men will swear
Time has split snow upon your hair.
Then when in your Glass you seek,
But find no Rose-bud in your cheek;
Nor, nor the bed to give the shew,
Where such a rare Carnation grew,
And such a smiling Tulip too.

Ah! then too late, close in your chamber keep-

ing.

It will be told

That you are old

By those true tears y'ree weeping.

Mr. Moorman wonders how the poet brought himself to alter such a couplet as—

And night will come when men will swear
Time has split snow upon your hair.

It seems to us probable that the version in the "Ayres" is not from an early manu-

script of Herrick's, but rather shows revision from the poet's own hand after the publication of 1648. And certain particulars of the punctuation would seem to indicate that the later (1653) version was printed in accordance with alterations marked by the author in a copy of the 1648 edition. However, this is pure conjecture; and in general we find ourselves in entire agreement with Mr. Moorman's critical views. We cannot deal with other textual questions almost as interesting as this, but must close with calling attention to the small group of poems added from various sources other than the *editio princeps*. We ought to be glad to have these, though none of them shows Herrick in his better vein, and one of them, "Mr. Robert Herricke his farewell unto Poetrie," seems to us of dubious authenticity. The volume as a whole, both for its beautiful typography and for its scholarly editing, is a worthy addition to the series to which it belongs.

AN INDIAN ON HIS RACE.

The Indian of To-day. By Charles A. Eastman (Ohiyesa). New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 60 cents net.

That this book lacks the literary quality of Dr. Eastman's earlier work is due, doubtless, to its being an essay in the less congenial field of history and statistics; and the infusion of poetry and color into a compendium of this kind is made doubly difficult by its condensation into a pocket volume.

In his endeavor, as an Indian, to contrast his own race favorably with the Caucasian, the author naturally touches on the question of drink, asserting that "the original North American knew no fermented or spirituous drink," and thus contradicting some writers who have described the aboriginal production of ferments from corn and berry juices. He charges the practice of indiscriminate scalping to the offer of bounties by the colonial governments, notably in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, bent on the extermination of their red enemies. The introduction of the Indians to an indoor mode of life he holds accountable for the ravages made among them by bronchitis, pneumonia, and tuberculosis. They were, he declares, "a God-fearing, clean, and honorable people before the coming of the white man," notwithstanding that the Jesuit priests, in their "zeal to gain honor for their society for saving the souls of the natives," found it "almost necessary to represent them as godless and murderous savages," since "otherwise there would be no one to convert." Nevertheless, he elsewhere lays stress on the statement that "it was the Christian missionary, in spite of serious mistakes, who played the most important part in the transformation of the Indian and the development of the West." And, though he ascribes most of the race wars to the land-greed of the white pioneers and the Government's loose way of making and enforcing its treaties with the tribes, he admits that in some cases the trou-

bies were brought on by the bad faith of individual Indians.

One of the popular misconceptions which Dr. Eastman tries to correct is as to the position of woman in the old tribal system. She was always, he says, "the silent but telling power behind life's activities," and "shared equally with her mate the arduous duties of primitive society":

Possessed of true feminine dignity and modesty, she was expected to be his equal in physical endurance and skill, but his superior in spiritual insight. She was looked to for the endowment of her child with nature's gifts and powers, and no woman of any race has ever come closer to universal motherhood. . . .

She preserved man from soul-killing materialism by herself owning what few possessions they had, and thus branding possession as feminine. The movable house was hers, with all its belongings, and she ruled there unquestioned. She was, in fact, the moral salvation of the race; all virtue was entrusted to her, and her position was recognized by all. It was held in all gentleness and discretion, under the rule that no woman could talk much or loudly until she became a grandmother.

The Indian woman suffered greatly during the transition period of civilization, when men were demoralized by whiskey, and possession became masculine. The division of labor did not readily adjust itself to the change, so that her burdens were multiplied while her influence decreased. Tribe after tribe underwent the catastrophe of a disorganized and disunited family life.

One of the most interesting passages in the book is that which deals with Indian ornamental art. Leaf and flower designs, we are told, are generally modern:

The old-time patterns are for the most part simple geometrical figures, which are decorative and emblematic rather than imitative. Shafts of light and shadow alternating or dovetailed represent life, its joys and sorrows. The world is conceived of as rectangular and flat, and is represented by a square. The sky is concave—a hollow sphere. A drawing of the horizon line colored pale yellow stands for dawn; colored red, for sunset. Day is blue, and night black spangled with stars. Lightning, rain, wind, water, mountains, and many other natural features or elements are symbolized rather than copied literally upon many sorts of Indian handiwork. Animal figures are drawn in such a manner as to give expression to the type or spirit of the animal rather than its body, emphasizing the head with the horns, or any distinguishing feature. These designs have a religious significance and furnish the individual with his personal and clan emblem, or coat of arms.

As a matter of course, Dr. Eastman can find nothing good in the reservation system, and very little in the Indian Bureau. In striking contrast with the fairness he shows in some of his judgments is his reading in the Burke Act of 1906 only the provision "that Indians allotted after that date shall not be declared citizens until after the expiration of the twenty-five-year trust period," with the sweeping comment that "this act has served no particular purpose except to

further confuse the status of the Indian"; for in the next paragraph he says: "There is a special law under which an Indian may apply to be freed from guardianship by proving his ability to manage his own affairs. If his application is approved by the Interior Department, he may then rent or sell his property at will." Is it possible that the author of such a textbook on Indians is unaware that this "special law" is a part of the Burke act itself, and was put there for the express purpose of releasing ambitious and thrifty Indians, promptly and without cost to them, from the thraldom in which their childish fellows live?

Our author approves of the disposition of the young Indian men of to-day to marry white women, and finds in the issue of this intermarriage a tendency "towards increased fertility as well as good mentality": a position on a much-vexed question which marks his departure from the common ideals of his fathers, and in the determination of which his personal experience may have been a conspicuous factor.

DR. WYLIE'S LAST WORK.

The Reign of Henry the Fifth. By James Hamilton Wylie. Vol. I: 1413-1415. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$9 net.

Four months before his death on February 28, 1914, Dr. Wylie finished the first volume of "The Reign of Henry the Fifth," a continuation of his well-known "History of England under Henry the Fourth." He belonged to a type of historian seldom found except in Germany. For more than half the span of a long life he laboriously collected from virtually all available sources, whether in print or manuscript, and from French, Spanish, Italian, German, and other Continental writers, historical data of every description for the period 1399 to 1415. The results of these labors are five stout volumes covering these sixteen years. The future historian will do little more than utilize the vast accumulation of material contained in them.

The work shows great erudition and critical handling of the sources, but like the "Henry the Fourth," it is utterly lacking in proportion, balance, and proper emphasis. The author was apparently as much interested in the menu of the king's coronation banquet as in the Parliament of Leicester; in the injunctions of a writer of etiquette not to lick plates with the tongue, or spread butter with the thumb, as in the national administration of justice; in the stories of St. Patrick's Hole, the Irish Purgatory, as in the teachings of the Lollards. The work is a great storehouse of facts bearing upon all phases of life in England early in the fifteenth century, and apparently this is just what the author intended it to be. The style is overcharged and the frequent use of archaic words and expressions to give color to the narrative renders the reading difficult. In dealing with the beliefs and superstitions of the age, the personal equation is often too much in evidence, although there is an

improvement in this respect over the author's earlier historical writings. However, after all allowance for these and other deficiencies has been made, it may be said without hesitation that the work will be indispensable for all students of this period, and will be of great value for those who desire a cross section of history for the early part of the fifteenth century. The text and the extensive footnotes contain a mine of information on prices, wages, manners, superstitions, biographical and etymological matters.

Although holding that there is evidence to substantiate in part at least the old story of Henry V's conversion at the time of his accession, Doctor Wylie shows that Henry was far from saintly as a king, that, in fact, he was guilty of trickery, deceit, and sharp practices generally. The conditions in France just before the renewal of the Hundred Years' War and Henry's double dealing with the Armagnac and Burgundian factions are well described. In reference to his proposal to marry the Princess Catherine, the author says: "But we now know that all this time he was busy concocting a counter-scheme that was not merely steeped in prevarication and duplicity, but charged with downright hard, official lies." While signing the truce and making protestations of friendship, he was making active preparations for the invasion of France. The description of these preparations, and particularly of the financial measures adopted, is one of the best portions of the book.

The uprising of Sir John Oldcastle and the Lollards is fully discussed. Doctor Wylie minimizes the political motives which other historians have attributed to these disturbances. Bale's version of Oldcastle's trial, which the earlier writers have usually followed, he shows to be wholly untrustworthy. The chapter on "Godshouses," houses devoted to works of mercy, such as infirmaries, homes for the blind, for fallen women, and the insane, is especially interesting. The volume is furnished with a full index. If the author has left any considerable material for later volumes, it is to be hoped that something may be done by way of posthumous publication.

A WESTERNER OF NEW ENGLAND.

Edward Rowland Sill. By William Belmont Parker. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.75 net.

In the half-century since the appearance of "The Jumping Frog" and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" certain kinds of literature have multiplied, and certain kinds of careers have become increasingly interesting. It is by virtue of the great mass of "Americana," of the fiction and poetry of limited localities, and of the lives of the peripatetics who have cross-fertilized the United States, that the modern American can realize in the concrete how the whole of the country is equal to the sum of all its parts.

The Easterner still knows little about Cali-

fornia. The traveller comes back ecstatic; the stay-at-home sportsman regards with deferent wonder the annual tennis invasions; but what the average man knows of the Pacific Coast, aside from the lore of railways and Pan-American circulars and news items, he learns from the lives and works of story-writers like Bret Harte and Mark Twain, or of educators like President Gilman and Professor Royce, or of poets like "Joaquin" Miller, Millicent Shinn, Ina D. Coolbrith, and Edward Rowland Sill. Of these poets Sill was the most talented and not the least loyal to California, though he was born and bred in Connecticut and lived his last years in Ohio.

After graduation from Yale in 1861 he went out to the coast, by way of Cape Horn. It is polite to say that he was in business there till 1866, though the "business" was now on a ranch, then in a post-office, and during the later years in miscellaneous clerking. At first he was disappointed with the look of things, and after six months he was sick at heart, but he left at last, not out of discontent with the West, but because he wanted to study theology. Neither theology, however, nor the East could hold him, and in 1871 he came back as a teacher, for three years in the Oakland High School, and for eight more in the University of California.

From first to last, therefore, Sill's residence in California bridged twenty-two years. He was there in the '60's, during the transition from the mining to the agricultural stage, when Mark Twain and Bret Harte were still promising young men. Like many others who came out in curiosity, he fell under the spell of the climate and the country and the people. He returned in time to teach Millicent Shinn in high school, to throw in his lot with President Gilman at Berkeley, to engage Josiah Royce as assistant in English after searching for a young man who was well grounded but not opinionated and "with a bit of aesthetics about his brain somewhere." Finally, when his position in the University "had become intolerable for certain reasons that are not for pen and ink," he was slow to shake the dust of California from his feet. He brought back the best of what he had found there, and, like these other teachers and writers, helped to unite the two peoples of the two coasts.

During his last years the love of the West was keen in him. Mount Washington seemed "a very pretty piece of rising ground," the trees were only shrubs, the sky rarely blue, the heat and cold abominable in turn, the Atlantic Ocean "the only thing East that [didn't] seem like a feeble imitation." With its idealism he had brought back the easy hyperbole of the coast. Yet all his life he retained certain quaint New England oddities of thought and diction. He is like Lowell—who is like no Westerner—in his antic fancies, his references to his "pomes," "the near-sighted scum-skinners" who criticise them, the "gew-gaw" parlor organ, or the skim-milk on high which the gods had been using as cheap feed for the sky-ter-

riers. These last years cemented his long friendship with Henry Holt and established a new relation with Aldrich, to whom he sent a steady and anonymous succession of prose and verse for the *Atlantic*.

Those who would like to trace Sill's long struggle between faith and doubt—a struggle typical of his period—or his wide and discriminating reading, or his self-effacing zeal as a teacher, or his fine disregard for contemporary fame as a writer, or his great and true magnanimity as a man—must read all of Mr. Parker's book. It is well presented—an admirable compilation of first-hand material with pleasantly written connecting links. The only feature of it that the poet himself would not commend is a harmless but evident New England complacency from which Sill had been utterly freed by his compensating experiences in the West.

On the whole, he insists, the Empire has not been planned; it has grown. Various causes have combined to create it—a native spirit of enterprise, desire for liberty, for new homes, for propagating Christianity; and when once the game had started, it was necessary to play it out. If the book was suggested by the present war, to which it makes occasional reference, its usefulness as a manual of British expansion is independent of that fact.

Sister Violetta Thurston was sent out in August, 1914, from London by the St. John Ambulance Association, in charge of a party of nurses consigned to the Belgian Red Cross Society for service in Belgium. By the time she and her charges had crossed the channel there was hardly any Belgium left, and they found themselves working day and night for German surgeons under German commandants: "The glorious vision of nursing Tommy Atkins at the front faded into the prosaic reality of putting hundreds of cold compresses on German feet, that they might be ready all the sooner to go out and kill our men." How the nurses did their duty under these conditions, how they tried to get away to France, were caught and sent back, how Sister Violetta finally made her way to Denmark and around by Lapland and the Arctic Circle to Petrograd and the Russian front, and the tremendous scenes she saw there, we should never have learned if she had not secured a fortnight of leisure by getting a shrapnel wound with pleurisy to follow. Written artlessly, "to the continual music of the cannon and the steady tramp of feet," "Field Hospital and Flying Column" (Putnam) has the merit that never falls a sincere bit of autobiography. And the queer moral of it is the sinister charm of war. Sister Violetta, occupied day and night to exhaustion with the most repulsive aspects of battle, hungry, sleepless, unwashed, invaded by vermin, often in physical danger, and sharing vividly the discouragement of defeat, enjoyed to the utmost her part in the great adventure.

"The Way of the Red Cross," by E. Charles Vivian and Z. E. Hodder Williams (Doran), is a different matter altogether. It is put together for two purposes: the profits from sale are devoted to the *Times* Fund for the Sick and Wounded, and the burden of its song is Red Cross propaganda. In spite of the excellence of these two purposes it is not very interesting. Sister Violetta, in bed with her pleurisy, still radiates energy, but Messrs. Vivian and Hodder Williams give the impression of being very, very tired. There is an introduction by Queen Alexandra, "with facsimile of her hand-writing and stationery," and the doubtful grammar of royalty.

Mr. E. Alexander Powell, who represented the New York *World* with the Belgian army at the beginning of the war, provides us in "Fighting in Flanders" (Scribner; \$1 net) with as comprehensive an idea of the siege and capture of Antwerp and of the events which led up to it as any future historian can desire. A capable writer as well as a trained observer, Mr. Powell can describe as well as he can see, and one could desire nothing more vivid than his suggestions of scenes in and around the commercial metropolis of Belgium before the Germans actually succeeded in breaking through the ring of defenses hitherto regarded as impregnable.

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The Nation

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Most valuable of all perhaps is his account, brief as it is, of his talk with Gen. von Boehn, the commander of the Ninth German Army, and the conqueror at Louvain. In it is sketched, perhaps over-succinctly, the attitude of the German authorities towards the alleged atrocities perpetrated by their commands on the civilian population of Belgium, many of which Mr. Powell states that he saw, and himself describes. Perhaps the best commentary thereon is Mr. Powell's open declaration, in his preface, that "I am pro-Belgian; I admit it. I should be ashamed to be anything else." It is at least hard to realize how any one who has read Mr. Powell's book and followed with him the heroic struggle of the Belgian people against overwhelming force, and the horrible suffering entailed thereby, could be anything but a pro-Belgian, even though one might not agree with all his conclusions.

In his little volume "Germany's Vanishing Colonies" (McBride, Nast; 75 cents), Gordon Le Sueur gives the reader a clear, vigorous, and very readable sketch, with caustic sarcasm, of the remarkable results of German energy and persistency in obtaining colonial territories during the last twenty-five years. He goes far enough in the present war to tell how Germany has also lost most of them. The author was formerly private secretary to Cecil Rhodes, so that, as one might expect, his chapters on the African colonies of Germany are much fuller and better informed than those on the German settlements at Kiao-chau and in the Pacific. He condemns the lethargy and incompetence of English diplomacy in failing to check German colonial expansion in its infancy. He is equally severe on the failure of the Germans as real colonists: "Their methods of colonization have good points in matter of detail, routine work, etc.; but, if colonization be regarded as something more than the exploitation of a subject race and the passive holding of its territory, they must be written down a failure." He appears to have used almost exclusively only English sources of information, and naturally gives only a British point of view.

The "Bibliography and Index," which forms Volume XII of Sir J. G. Frazer's "The Golden Bough" (Macmillan; \$6 net), completes the new and immensely enlarged edition of a book which has long ago taken its place as the most complete collection of facts relating to the beliefs, superstitions, and ceremonial usages of mankind in primitive and semi-civilized times. It consists, in this third edition, of seven parts, viz.: The Magic Art and the Evolution of Kings (two volumes), Tabu and the Perils of the Soul (one volume), The Dying God (one volume), Adonis, Attis, and Osiris (two volumes), Spirits of the Corn and Wild (two volumes), The Scapegoat (one volume), Balder the Beautiful, Fire Festivals, and the External Soul (two volumes). Each of the seven parts has its own index, but, as the subjects dealt with are closely related to one another, and often overlap in their treatment, a single index for the whole work was much needed, for without it a reader desiring information on some particular point might have to consult seven separate indices before finding what he looked for. In this present volume the Bibliography occupies 144 pages. It gives one a good idea of the great progress made in the study of these topics

during the last half-century, and an idea, also, of the immense amount of labor which the production of this particular work required. And, of course, it constitutes a valuable guide to the literature, still rapidly growing, of the subject. The Index fills pages 147 to 536. To peruse it is to learn much about the wide range which inquiries into the early social and religious history of man have taken, and, incidentally, to realize how widely diffused over the world, and how clearly discernible, even to-day, in civilized countries are many of the customs practiced by our remote ancestors. Sir James Frazer is to be congratulated on the completion of one of the most remarkable works of our time. Great as it is, it does not exhaust the subject; and we hope for still further light from his pen upon some other topics, which are indicated, but not fully dealt with, in the eleven volumes with which he has enriched the literature of folklore and primitive religion.

Pretending to little originality of historical matter, John Finley's "The French in the Heart of America" (Scribner; \$2.50 net) bears throughout the stamp of the author's individuality. The volume, which is made up of lectures delivered on the Hyde Foundation at the Sorbonne, avows as its object "to freshen and brighten for the French the memory of what some of them had seemingly wished to forget" (this was prior to the war), and the pulsating style is sufficient evidence of the author's sincerity of purpose, as of interest in what he has to relate. If Parkman has supplied the material for the older portion of the story, the writer's own eyes have looked upon the scenes of the events of which he tells, his well-known love of walking doubtless being not a little responsible for this familiarity. It is no derogation to the accuracy of the volume to say that its author is keenly conscious of the dramatic and the picturesque in the romantic and even tragic tale he has to unfold. What misleads him is his ardent admiration for the heroic figures of the drama and for the people whence they were sprung. Indeed, Professor Finley makes no pretensions to a sober, dispassionate view of the panorama. "I write," he says, "as a son of the Mississippi valley, as a geographical descendant of France." The result is naturally over-emphasis upon the part that France played in the New World, and ascription to her of more than can be substantiated. The volume is as much tribute as record. This fact does not make it the less interesting, and one cannot say that the author has not given the reader fair warning. The first half of the book follows events in chronological order; the rest of it is rather topical, as may be sufficiently illustrated by the title of one of the chapters, Western Towns and Cities that Have Sprung from French Portage Paths.

Of "Women the World Over" (Doran; \$3 net), by Mrs. Alec-Tweedie (née Harley), F.R.G.S., an American edition has issued from the astounding fact that the British public has required a second printing. The passer who may find time to borrow the volume from a bookstall for five minutes will find upon any of its pages some gem of pretentious nonsense which will well reward that expenditure of time.

Passion is a whirlwind, ungovernable, wild, bursting with emotion, devoid of reason, and regretful of results.

A lonely walk through a beautiful glade or sun-kissed wood is an uplifting force. It fills our souls with delight and joy, and enthuses us with the multitudinous wonders of Nature and her mysterious whole.

Widowhood is the time of flirtation. One of the most useful assets of society is its charming army of widows. They do so much good, avert so much harm, just because men look upon them as comrades.

Or there are bursts of humor—we must not begin to quote them. One thinks with amazement of those thousands of people in stricken England who found money and temper for this book. Is the American publisher right in looking for the likes of them on this side of the water?

A second edition of a solid book on ancient Greece is a notable event nowadays, and notwithstanding that it contains in its new form only a map and four pages, mostly of footnotes, not found in the first edition, its reappearance after an interval of four years demands renewed recognition. The book thus specially favored by the approval of a select public is Alfred E. Zimmern's "Greek Commonwealth" (Oxford University Press, 1915). Its merits are sufficiently indicated by the fact that the first comparison that suggests itself is with Fustel de Coulanges's famous "Cité antique." It is not so comprehensive as the great Fustel's masterpiece, but that is in its favor; for, as Mr. Zimmern himself well remarks, prominent among the "defects which time has revealed" in "La Cité antique" are the facts that "it is, like many French books, too tidy and logical, it simplifies the old world and its beliefs too much; it tries to deal with Greece and Rome at the same time—an impossible design which survives from the days when people believed in a parent Aryan civilization; hence its generalizations sometimes fall between two stools and fit neither." The task which Mr. Zimmern sets himself is accordingly greater through being smaller. What he wishes to do is to make intelligible to modern cultivated Englishmen—and Americans—the imperial democracy of Athens. This is done in two ways. Its origin and the origin of all its component institutions are traced with firmness and precision, and we come to understand the democratic and imperial system of Athens by being shown how it came into existence. Then its nature and that of its parts are explained by modern comparisons widely and aptly drawn. The author holds up steadily politics, economics, and society, work and play in Periclean Athens, beside their parallels in modern England, and with unusual fitness of observation he proceeds to point out in fresh and vigorous language the points of difference and resemblance. The result is that Mr. Zimmern accomplishes more than he sets out to do. He interprets not only Athens but also England—and America. The study of ancient civilization yields in this book as in few others one of its most prized boons—a deeper comprehension of the age in which we live.

The author's style is inimitable. As Wilamowitz, to whom "above all and in spite of all" the author acknowledges his indebtedness, has remarked, the book is untranslatable. It belongs to England; *es ist ein vornehme englische Buch*, the great Berlin philologist affirms. And that is not the least of its virtues. The past generation has been the German generation in the writing of Greek his-

tory. We have got so used to having the Athenians, with their disposition to let each citizen live as he pleased and their insistence that the Government was made for the people and not the people for the Government, criticised from the standpoint of a minutely regulated bureaucratic society that it is a real disenthralment to have them and their doings appraised by one who understands the strength as well as the weakness of a free people. It does not weaken the book intrinsically, while it adds to its interest and significance for American readers, that during its composition Mr. Zimmern has had an eye also for the characteristics of democracy in the United States. Mr. Zimmern's scholarship is sound and broad. His forte, however, is that much rarer thing—interpretation. He arrests our attention and stimulates our thought at every turn. One passage, taken almost at random, must suffice to convey a direct impression of the charm of his book:

It is hard to realize in these days, when fighting taxes the nerves and tires the limbs, but has lost most of its thrills and all its animal excitement, what a fine sport it was in the days when men regarded it as the great and only game. A Greek city, as we have said, was very like a big school or college, and warfare and the training and competitions connected with warfare were its chief forms of physical exercise. If a young man took a pride in his body and kept it hard and fit, if he flung spears in the stadium and raced round naked or in full armor, if he went off on long marches over rough country in the sun and bivouacked at night on the open hillside, or lay on a bed of rushes, watching the moon rise over the sea, after a hard day's rowing, it was all to prepare himself for the big day which might come any spring, if the city in council or the men over the range so willed it. So he and his friends lived in an atmosphere of campaigning. Their conversation ran on spears and shield-straps and camping-grounds, and where to get rations up in the hills, on rowlocks and catheads and under-girding and the boils and blisters of naval service; on how to ship horses in a trireme by cutting away the benches, or how to land on an enemy's promontory and make a fort without tools, carrying the mortar on the bent back for want of hods; or how to make a surprise attack on their chief harbor, sailing in with the night wind and making a bonfire of their bazaar to match the red of early dawn; or whether it would be fair and honorable and according to the best traditions of the old game to entrap them into a marsh or lay an ambush in a ravine or engage a corps of wild men from Thrace to eke out inferior numbers. Modern readers sometimes wonder why Thucydides and Xenophon deluge them with campaign tales; they are apt to resent or to smile at the childish particulars which these grave historians are at such pains to narrate. They should recall the conversations to which they have listened, or perhaps contributed, in smoking-rooms and quadrangles and pavilions, on yorkers and niblicks and ebenezers, on extra covers and wing three-quarters, and ask how much of it would be intelligible, however beautifully written out, to an inquiring posterity which had turned to other pastimes.

A timely, well-arranged, and attractively illustrated guidebook is Ruth Kedzie Wood's "The Tourist's Maritime Provinces" (Dodd, Mead). The author is something of a specialist in guidebooks, having prepared similar aids to the traveller in Russia, Spain, and California, and she has learned the art of combining the facts we look for in a guidebook with a very entertaining narrative. To those not familiar with the Maritime Provinces of Canada, it will be a revelation to find how many and how varied are the attractions that beckon the traveller to the land of the Bluenoses. From St. Andrews, on the boundary between New Brunswick and Maine, with its delightful

sea views and its excellent golf links, to the Bras D'Or Lakes, in Cape Breton, of which we heard many years ago from Mr. Charles Dudley Warner; and from the Annapolis Valley, and the Land of Evangeline, to the Restigouche and the Metapedia, where tired statesmen and other mortals forget their worries in salmon-fishing, scores of delightful resting-places may be found, for men, women, and children. Miss Wood also gives some account of that picturesque little province, Prince Edward Island; also of the wild Gaspé shore of Quebec, of Newfoundland and Labrador, and of the French islands of Miquelon.

The recent appointment of Gen. S. B. Steele to the command of the Second Canadian Contingent lends special interest to his volume of reminiscences, "Forty Years in Canada. Reminiscences of the Great North-West, with Some Account of His Service in South Africa," which is edited by Mollie Glenn Niblett, with an Introduction by J. G. Colmer, and is published by Dodd, Mead & Co. It is difficult to realize that a man, still sufficiently in his prime to undertake the arduous duties of an important command in the European war, knew the Canadian West at a time when Blackfeet and Cree, Sioux and Assiniboin still followed the warpath, and when the buffalo roamed the plains in herds of a hundred thousand or more. Sam Steele, as he is affectionately known in Canada, served through the Riel Rebellion of 1869-70, and on the organization of the Northwest Mounted Police joined it as sergeant-major. This was in 1873. He remained with this splendid force for about a quarter of a century, and the greater part of his book is taken up with the story of the development and manifold activities of the police. It is by all odds the best history of the "Guardians of the Plains" that has yet been written, and is packed with incidents and anecdotes illustrating the pluck, endurance, and extraordinary influence of the force. Not the least interesting portion of the book is the two chapters dealing with the work of the Mounted Police in the Yukon, in the early days of the "gold rush." While it does not attempt to minimize the seamy side of the gold camps, Steele's account is much less lurid and extravagant than the picture drawn by Service in his "Trail of Ninety-Eight," and probably much more authoritative.

On the outbreak of the South African War, Steele was offered the command of Strathcona's Horse, the force equipped and maintained by the late High Commissioner of Canada in England. The corps was recruited entirely in Western Canada, and every detail of organization and equipment was supervised by the commanding officer. The credit for the splendid services performed by Strathcona's Horse in South Africa belongs at least as much to Steele as to Strathcona. An interesting incident of the recruiting was the offer from 600 first-class Arizona stockmen to join the regiment with their own horses and arms. Steele was reluctantly obliged to decline. "One could," he says, "have had the assistance of thousands of the finest horsemen in the United States." Shortly after his return to Canada, Steele was offered the command of a division of the newly organized South African Constabulary, and the final chapters of his book are devoted to a very interesting account of the work of this force, and the important part it played in the period of reconstruction in South Africa. Steele's

own long experience with the Northwest Mounted Police was unquestionably an invaluable asset in the organization of the somewhat similar corps in the sister commonwealth. Altogether, "Forty Years in Canada" is a book that will appeal to any one interested in the story of an exceptionally varied, adventurous, and useful career.

Volume thirty-nine of the Reports of the American Bar Association deserves a place in every library, for it contains a large amount of information valuable to laymen as well as to lawyers. The efforts which were made during the preceding year to simplify and improve the methods of legal procedure, to bring about uniformity in the laws of the several States, and to make legal rules accord more nearly with the moral ideals of our people, are described in much detail. Especially interesting are the reports of committees on professional ethics, on laws to prevent delay and unnecessary cost in litigation, and on legislative drafting. The last-named report should be studied by all who are in any way responsible for the formulation of statutes. Not a few of the addresses, preserved in this volume, received marked attention upon their delivery last autumn, and can be read again with great profit. Senator Root's discussion of the layman's criticism of the lawyer is remarkably sane and satisfying. Sir Charles Fitzpatrick's sketch of the Constitution of Canada not only describes the fundamental laws of that Dominion, but explains the reason for Canadian loyalty to the British Empire. Another study in comparative politics is afforded by the lucid and eloquent address of Ambassador Naón on Argentine Constitutional Ideas.

Prof. Edward Alsworth Ross's "South of Panama" (Century; \$2.40 net) just misses being one of several things. It is nearly a book of travel in South America, though as such it would have to be set down as meagre and routine. It seems in parts to aspire to be a treatise on South American races and their blending, though the generalizations are so sweeping, and so little documented, as to leave the reader questioning more often than convinced. Again, Professor Ross might be thought to be writing a critique of education in the republics to the south of us; and here he presents a considerable body of information, with many judicious remarks. In other pages, he could be supposed to have as his main object the giving an account of political conditions in South America; in these sections of the volume he lends a credulous ear to gossip of all sorts from many chance sources. And when one wonders how all this diverse and rather disconnected matter came to be put within one pair of covers, there remain the large number of illustrations—nearly a hundred—to serve as the possibly unifying element and motive of the volume. It is as if the text were but a *libretto* to go with the pictures, magazine-fashion. At all events, the net impression is of something hastily made to order. In the preface Professor Ross says that he was warned to bear in mind, when writing about the South Americans, that it is our "traditional policy" to "cultivate their friendship." But this counsel he spurns. He admits no obligation except to Truth. His book proves, however, that the Truth about the South Americans can be attained but imperfectly by the methods he has used.

Science

"TWILIGHT SLEEP."

Twilight Sleep. By Henry Smith Williams. New York: Harper & Bros. 75 cents.

The Truth About Twilight Sleep. By Hanna Rion (Mrs. Frank Ver Beck). New York: McBride, Nast & Co. \$1.50.

Painless Childbirth. By Marguerite Tracy and Mary Boyd. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.50.

Ruthless to women, and reckless of some of the common decencies of warfare, Germany is said to have shown herself in the present conflict. Certainly in the wards of her hospitals for women and in their operating rooms and dispensaries, England and America find a surprising disregard of decency and a lack of consideration of very ordinary human rights. Yet it is from this land that the promise comes of what may be for woman the third great tenderness, physically and in order of time. First, Scotland's chloroform abolished the worst pangs of childbirth. Then America led the way in the repair of its injuries, in special surgery and treatment—and still leads in conscience and craftsmanship. And now, in Germany, preeminent for organization and scientific studies, the third epoch opens with the offer of scopolamin to do for long labors what chloroform does for their sharp ending.

At the University of Freiburg, on the edge of the Black Forest, Professor Krönig and his associate, Professor Gauss, have studied, with Teutonic exactness, for several years, in some 5,000 births, to relieve those pains for which chloroform cannot be used without arresting progress—that is, early, and in long labors—by bringing about a profound drowsiness through scopolamin. This drug is one of the well-known belladonna-atropia-hyoscine group, but Freiburg has worked out a trusty and stable form of it. Morphine, dangerous to the child's breathing if used within three or four hours of delivery, helps the first dose. Then, under the most painstaking expert supervision, the mother is watched and the child's heart listened to every quarter of an hour, hour after hour, through the average half or three-quarter day of labor. Careful memory tests determine the times for repetition of the dosage. The room is darkened because of the sensitive wide-open pupils, the ears are stopped, and relatives kept away. These precautions are taken so as to eliminate as far as possible all disturbing sense impressions. The face flushes, the mouth and lips are parched, the patient is sometimes incoherent. Complaint or bitter outcry there may be, but, when successful, all memory of major suffering is wiped away. Very special surroundings and quantity and quality of service are demanded by this technique. As a result, reports from Freiburg assert a mortality lower than anywhere else and no harm to mother or child, coupled with freedom from exhaustion and shock. As a sep-

arate matter, this clinic has adopted the practice of getting the patients up quickly after labor and having them leave the hospital soon: a walk every day and a drive at the end of the week for most patients, since, as a direct consequence of lessened suffering, a shortened convalescence is generally observed.

Though known to the medical profession for a long time, "twilight sleep" was thrown open to public discussion by an article in a monthly magazine. The books that have followed challenge attention from the public and the profession. In the largest of these volumes, the two associated lay writers have shown true journalistic energy in expanding the article in *McClure's* to 316 pages containing surprisingly few technical errors—though many repetitions. The more important medical papers on the subject are either quoted at length or else given in full in the appendix. The work, therefore, is of much value in supplying original sources. Indeed, the book is a special plea in nearly every sense, and it is a pity that with so strong a case the authors should deem it necessary to overstate it at many points. To the journalist it has seemed desirable to furnish to the public "human interest" by setting forth the portraits and colloquial talks of American mothers of Freiburg babies. The obstetrician, however, welcomes all the light he can get. To him it seems a mistake and a needless alarm to young women to throw the subject out of perspective. One might infer that all labors culminate in "domestic shambles"; childbirth is soul-rack as "dreaded as death"; "women of good normal minds" become "brooding animals"; while "nervous breakdown," dreaming of coffins, "aversion for husband and children," and the "madness that follows" are average sequelæ. These are samples drawn from three successive pages. There is enough keen suffering without depicting an unbroken reign of terror; there may be doctors who are heartless, and some family physicians do stint chloroform from over-caution, but to say that through two generations painless childbirth, possible through chloroform, has been withheld from women is in direct contradiction to the nearly universal practice of anesthesia in delivery. The book fails to give a hint of the great number of quick labors in which even Freiburg would not give twilight sleep, of the very moderate suffering in many, of a striking difference in length and difficulty between the first and subsequent deliveries, and of the conditions in which the Freiburg doctors do not deem Dämmerschlaf safe; nor is due credit given for the wide ground already well covered by morphine and the older anesthesia as well as by the newer nitrous oxide methods.

Professional caution in America is labored by our authors, and the former unwillingness to give serious trial to the method is truly ascribed to the fierce onslaught made by Berlin specialists on the earlier publications, and the unreliability of the earlier drug. The fact is, American ob-

stetricians are working out the indications and limitations as applied to American patients. They have seen exploitation by the press of the turtle serum cure for consumption of Friedmann, and the hip joint hysteria of Lorenz, and many other journalistic crazes. They do move warily in matters so weighty. Krönig and Gauss have themselves deprecated popular ventilation of their methods. In the present instance, however, it may well have been a public service for the press to force a quick and widespread study of the procedure in use at Freiburg.

A false measure of promise is contained in the book's label, "Painless Childbirth." In the originators' own hands the medicines are not started until labor is definitely under way; they are slow to develop their full action, and failures of relative painlessness occur in twenty per cent. under ideal conditions, in private rooms, and in forty per cent. in the specially planned delivery rooms of the free wards. Nevertheless, the boon of even partial relief can hardly be estimated too highly.

Some of the strongest medical and surgical work is done at the smaller German universities. The present reviewer has twice visited the Freiburg clinic, one of the best in Europe; has been under the spell of the power and personal charm of big Professor Krönig—with his energy as of Oyster Bay and his sweeping generalizations—and greatly admires the untiring thoroughness of Professor Gauss, and he believes the bulk of their statistics. But that it is well to check up their results may be inferred from such items as the hiding of an unpromising case from a group of professional visitors, the trouble in controlling the delirium of another, and their blanket endorsement of X-ray and radium versus the knife, in certain tumors—traits which show a very human tendency to ride their enthusiasms hard.

The book by Hanna Rion gives the German controversy over Dämmerschlaf fully, and quotes British opinion at length. This lady also has labored much on the older literature. There is scant reference to the more recent. To her there is but one possibility—perfection, completeness, and never a drawback or danger. She makes sweeping assertions for Gauss that Gauss himself is careful to disclaim. She cannot see a contradiction in these sentences: "You see the most remarkable quality of this narcotic is that the mother is in possession of her mental faculties, that she can obey the nurse's requests—can, in fact, coöperate with the entire birth process"; and, quoting a patient, "I had a perfect wrestling-match with the head nurse." She gives the lie to the evidence of cases seen at the Freiburg clinic by the author of one of the ablest and most recent of American textbooks, yet begins and ends her volume with the words of an obscure man of scant experience for whom "the ordeal of motherhood is gone, to be seen no more." The naïveté of her enthusiasm ("every woman physician whom I've ever met has been altogether adorable")

is curiously mixed with learned tables of percentages bearing on the last refinement of technicality.

Although so short a book, giving hardly more than a good outline of the subject which is its title, Dr. Williams's little volume contains a valuable study of the present status of obstetrical practice and a really constructive plan for its betterment.

Owing to the low standards of training and remuneration of the man who has taken up the practice of obstetrics, the writer finds lamentably and inexcusably imperfect work in many of our hospitals and teaching institutions. In his arraignment of conditions in this country he divides the burden of blame. It is not to be laid wholly on the shoulders of the profession, but is to be partly borne by the ignorance and long suffering of the general public. Nor is his criticism the kind that condemns and discourages. Quoting Dr. Whitridge Williams, Dean of Johns Hopkins Medical School, he presents most clearly suggestions for the improvement of obstetrical teaching and practice, making the doctors, the schools, and the public each take a share of the responsibility of bringing about a better state of affairs.

To the question, What can the layman do? he answers that "there should be an extension of obstetric charities, free hospital, and out-patient services for the poor, and proper semi-charity hospital accommodations for those in moderate circumstances"—Freiburg being an example of the success of institutional care. He deems that the repugnance to hospitals in obstetrical cases is gradually disappearing, and that an ideal of a properly equipped institution, practically available for all such cases, is by no means an impossibility and can be planned broadly enough to include conditions in small towns, and even the demands of farming communities.

Specialties as they develop become more intricate. Refinements of method make new demands. Finished workmanship calls inevitably for more time to be devoted both to training and to the individual case. And more training and more service mean an increase in cost to hospitals, a larger fee for the private patient. No more striking example of these can be given than twilight sleep. Admitting the necessary limitations of the applicability of this treatment, those who can be cared for under it are: First, women who are willing to enter a hospital equipped with adequate service. These can be properly treated whether they be rich or poor, provided the institution will stand the expense of extra internes and nurses. Secondly, the well-to-do in private houses who will pay for special attendance. Such attendance involves one of four things: presence of the obstetrician throughout the labor, which would be very costly on account of the amount of time he would be obliged to give up to it; assistance by a younger obstetrician who could stay with the patient; the anesthesia to be conducted by an anesthetist devoting himself to this

specialty, or by a nurse fully trained for the work.

As intelligent patients now know that the dentist cannot fill the root of a tooth or do work properly without the X-ray; as the public begins to learn that the practitioner cannot treat an active or chronic rheumatism without study of the tonsils and X-rays of the tooth-root; as they demand that an expert and not an amateur give the ether at operations, so the time is coming when the woman will ask, for her delivery, conditions of quietness and special skill, or else she will not be receiving reasonable care in the most important event of her life.

Drama

"THE BLUE PARADISE."

This adaptation of a Viennese operetta, which the Shuberts produced last week at the Casino Theatre, is a good deal above the average of musical comedy, whether of the variety expressly provided for the delectation of summer audiences or of the more potentially stable kind which aspires to entertain the inane throughout a regular season. Wholly innocent of genius, on the part of composers, librettists, or players, "The Blue Paradise" is nevertheless unusual, even audacious, in that it tells a story and sticks to it, without the introduction of irrelevant matter, throughout a prologue and two acts. Even the musical numbers, some of which are exceedingly tuneful, if at time frankly imitative, bear at least a modicum of relation to the story and are introduced without resort to the usual clumsy devices. The spotlight and the simpering star beneath are notably absent, the principals conveying the healthy impression that they are genuinely interested in the success of the production as a whole. The chorus is not above reprobation, but it is better trained and rehearsed than the majority of Broadway choruses. The staging is excellent without being pretentious, and the same may be said of the costuming. Of the principals, Teddy Webb, as Justus Hampel, gives the most finished performance; the most popular is that of Cecil Lean, whose hard work and evident—and, it must be added, successful—efforts to please atone for a certain irritating quality of self-complacency. A clever burlesque, which, if it were seen in London, would doubtless be denounced as a gross exaggeration of an American type, is given by Miss Carolyn Burke. Miss Frances Demarest and Miss Vivienne Segal are two other principals who contribute to make an ensemble that is decidedly good of its kind and affords a pleasant entertainment.

S. W.

If the three one-act plays in the volume of "Wisconsin Plays," by Zona Gale, T. H. Dickinson, and W. E. Leonard (Huebsch: \$1.25) are a fair specimen of the product of the Wisconsin Dramatic Society, that organization is setting a good example and deserves recognition and encouragement. They are not, in any sense, masterpieces, but they are thoroughly good of their kind. As devoid of plot as they are of sensation, they contain vital characterization and breathe the spirit of their environment. Perhaps the best of them is the "Neighbors," of Zona Gale, which is

a rural comedy, simple, real, and free from buffoonery or melodramatic extravagance. The story is tenuous, but the charm lies in the complete veracity with which each character is sketched, and in the realism of the dialogue, tinged with gently satiric humor. Very different is the "In Hospital" of Thomas H. Dickinson, of which the motive is emotional. It provides a situation of strong dramatic tension without appeal to crudely startling detail. A loving husband, haggard with apprehension, visits the hospital where his wife is about to undergo a critical operation. In the ensuing colloquy each of the principals is anxious to ease the anxiety of the other. The dialogue, with its veiled references, is simply, naturally, but very tenderly written. Realism is alleviated by fancy. On the whole, this is a striking one-act play—marred perhaps by a conclusion that savors too strongly of the purely theatrical—but the chief worth of it is to be found in the human insight of the conjugal conference, where the underlying sentiment is deep and true. In "Glory of the Morning," an Indian pioneer romance, by William Ellery Leonard, the distinctive merit is the approximation to success in the attempt to reproduce the atmosphere of frontier life in the days of the French voyageurs. The personages are too closely modelled upon convention and the idealizations of Longfellow and Cooper, not to mention Mayne Reid, but in the setting of the story the picturesque and spacious spirit of the woodland is admirably preserved. It is a little tragedy of miscegenation, is prettily and pathetically told, enforcing an obvious moral without in the least obtruding it. The production of three such plays—so fresh in conception and superior in execution—by an independent organization, whose professed object is "to provide for the section in which it exists a new impulse in the practice of dramatic art as a corrective of standards," is a hopeful omen for the future of a representative American stage, and is worthy of note.

There is much intelligent and candid criticism in P. V. Thomas's review of "The Plays of Eugène Brieux" (John W. Luce & Co.), and the otherwise uninstructed reader may get a clear and comprehensive idea of the nature and extent of the work of the French playwright by a study of this handy little volume. The author has supplemented and enforced his own opinions by pertinent quotations from various respected contemporaneous authorities and by specimen extracts from the plays themselves, which would, perhaps, have been more illuminative if left untranslated. He has no difficulty, of course, in furnishing abundant testimony to the great abilities and sincere philosophic purpose of M. Brieux, or the reality and menace of the social evils he assails. On all these points there is general agreement. The main questions upon which his critics and his admirers are at issue are whether all his topics can be profitably discussed before the miscellaneous audiences of the public theatre, and whether, in dealing with them, he has manifested a dramatic genius of sufficient literary and artistic value to outweigh all objections on the score of expediency. They cannot be argued briefly. Mr. Thomas, apparently, would be inclined to answer them both in the affirmative, although he acknowledges frankly enough the obvious defects of M. Brieux as a dramatist, including his inveterate tendency to lecture. He seems to hold that the importance of the motive and the validity

of the argument compensate for halting action and the lack of dramatic interest. This will not meet with general acceptance, any more than will the high valuation which he puts upon "La Robe Rouge" as a dramatic masterpiece. This arraignment of the French criminal judicial system is, undoubtedly, an ingenious and able work, full of strong scenes and vivid characterization, but it is too manifestly a bit of special pleading, too full of artifice and exaggeration to provoke unqualified admiration. At the most, it is effective melodrama. And in nearly all his plays, whether he is attacking modern education, politics, charitable abuses, or medical practice, M. Brioux, like most enthusiasts of his type, discredits a good cause by offering particular instances, specially invented to enforce his plea, as proof positive of general conditions. To say that this weakness is virtually inevitable in writing for the theatre is simply to question the efficacy of the sociological play. He is most effective, because nearer to the truth, in his more humorous pieces, such as "Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont" and "Les Hennetons," which are, perhaps, his most notable dramatic achievements up to the present time. But his ability, sincerity, and mastery of social details are qualifications which give him an assured distinction among modern theatrical writers, and this little book, on the whole, deals with him very fairly.

Finance

PROVIDING THE IMPETUS.

The high carnival in war-order stocks has gone forward. Though the pace has not been so spectacular as in the closing days of July, it continues to occupy the centre of the Wall Street stage. The public evinces but passing interest in the railway shares, preferring the "action" of the highly speculative issues to the quiet firmness of the dividend stocks. The consequence is that the craze for the war shares has lifted prices, and under the influence of the heaviest buying witnessed since the present rise in these stocks began, absolute high records in the history of the New York Stock Exchange have been fixed.

It is being said by every conservative person that the movement has become dangerous. Yet there is no telling how far it will go, for the public is in the frame of mind to believe any sensational rumor that those inside put out. In such a situation no one can foretell what any day will bring forth or what fresh complications will be encountered. Sooner or later the reckoning is bound to come, for the movement is already unwieldy, and the stocks in many cases are passing into the hands of weak holders. The banks have rendered a service to the community in requiring an excessive margin on loans secured by collateral, in which the inflated shares are prominent. At a time when the speculative public, having the bit in its teeth, rejects the warnings of those familiar with the pitfalls of speculation conducted at an extravagant level of prices, it is necessary to adopt unusual

safeguards. The situation is interesting, as such situations always are, and the movement has reached a stage where the authorities of the Stock Exchange, the banks, and the responsible leaders are doing their utmost to interpret conditions in their true light.

At times it has appeared as if speculators themselves recognized the need for checking the speed of the rise, and quite unexpectedly a quality of caution has made itself manifest on a number of occasions in those stocks which had been the leaders in the market's wild advance. Just how Wall Street would judge the meaning of a decided check in the stock-market excitement at this time is difficult to say. One thing the recent moderate checks were acknowledged to mean, beyond dispute; it was that the proportion of out-and-out gambling which in the last half of July went on in the munition issues had diminished.

In just the degree to which this continues true must the future course of the stock market be shaped. For now it is clearly recognized that investment purchases have had little to do with the movement under way. Investments are made in securities whose merits are known and whose future is not a closed book. Speculative and gambling purchases have lifted munition stocks to their present altitude. If the advance is to continue, either speculation or gambling must lift them—that is, unless manufacturers of munitions choose suddenly to make known publicly the war orders, earnings, and profits they have thus far kept absolutely secret.

Which will the larger impulse be? Some people will frown over this question and rejoin, Just what is the distinction between speculation and gambling, that the immediate future of the stock market should rest upon that? Others will say that, if the market is to rise further still, either or both will supply the impulse, since speculation and gambling are one and the same thing. These people accept the ideas of J. Shield Nicholson, professor of political economy in the University of Edinburgh, who wrote twenty-five years ago that speculation was anything from "reckless, ignorant gambling to farseeing calculations of the course of progress in all departments."

But there is a distinction, and with either speculation or gambling will rest from this time forward the larger responsibility for the fate of the boom in the war stocks.

Speculation and gambling alike have for their primary force the endeavor to penetrate the riddle of the future, with this difference: the speculator calculates, the gambler chances. The speculator assumes a risk and often loses, but that is because the quantity of his problem at times turns out to be other than he thought it was. For the gambler there is no problem, no calculation. In betting on horses, *chemin de fer*, roulette, and *trente-et-quarante*, as well as blind plunging on the stock market, chance and fortune govern for him.

Up to this time there has been specu-

lation in war-order stocks on a large scale. But what up to this time was speculation has gone nearly as far as it can go without crossing the line that separates it from gambling. Why? For the reason that the "problems" which confronted speculators in the war stocks have been discounted in advances which, since the war began, have ranged from 30 to nearly 300 points. War contracts and output of mills have supplied the "problems," of which profits were the *x*, the unknown quantity.

Answer to all the problems has been delayed, through refusal of manufacturers to make known their profits. But the answer has been discounted, nevertheless, so thoroughly that stocks which never paid dividends are selling at prices far above those attained by the highest-grade investment issues. By lifting them there, speculation has done as much as could be expected of it, if not a great deal more. To lift them further, unless brand-new problems are presented for speculators to calculate, outright gambling must supply the impetus.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Bleneau, Adele. *The Nurse's Story*. Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.25 net.
 Boggs, Winifred. *Sally on the Rocks*. Brennan's. \$1.35 net.
 Dalrymple, Leona. *The Lovable Meddler*. Reilly & Britton. \$1.35 net.
 Montgomery, L. M. *Anne of the Island*. Boston: Page. \$1.25 net.
 Sabatini, R. *The Sea-Hawk*. Lippincott. \$1.25 net.
 The Works of Aphra Behn. Edited by Montague Summers. London: William Heinemann. 6 vols. f3 3s. net.
 Wiggin, Kate Douglas. *Penelope's Postscripts*. Houghton Mifflin. \$1 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bergson, Henri. *The Meaning of the War*. London: Unwin.
 Curtis, Henry S. *The Practical Conduct of Play*. Macmillan. \$2 net.
 Harvard Studies in Classical Philology. Vol. XXVI. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.
 Keitie, J. Scott. *The Statesman's Year Book*. Macmillan. \$3.50 net.
 Keyser, Cassius J. *The New Infinite and the Old Theology*. Yale University Press. 75 cents net.
 Moth, Axel. *Technical Terms Used in Bibliographies*. Boston Book Co. \$2.25 net.
 Sabatier, Paul. *The Ideals of France*. London: Unwin. 1d.
Vox Américaines sur le Guerre de 1914-1915. Paris: Librairie Militaire Berger-Levrault.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Hall, A. B. *Outline of International Law*. Chicago: La Salle Extension University.
 King, Willford Isbell. *The Wealth and Income of the People of the United States*. Macmillan. \$1.50 net.
 Robinson, E. Van D. *Early Economic Conditions and Development of Agriculture in Minnesota*. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota.
The Coming Newspaper. Edited by M. Thorpe. Holt. \$1.40 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Anonymous. *The Near East from Within*. Funk & Wagnalls. \$3 net.
 Arumugam, S. *The Golden Key to World Power and the War*. Longmans, Green.
 Beveridge, Albert J. *What is Back of the War*. Bobbs-Merrill. \$2 net.
Collections of the Minnesota Historical Society. Vol. XV. St. Paul, Minn.: Published by the Society.

Denmark: A Bibliography. Edited by J. C. Day. Chicago: Danish-American Association. \$1 net.
 Gildersleeve, B. L. The Creed of the Old South, 1865-1915. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.
 Lipson, E. An Introduction to the Economic History of England, I. The Middle Ages. London: A. & C. Black. 7s. 6d. net.
 Mepmes, Mortimer. Lord Roberts. Macmillan. 75 cents net.
 Mowat, R. B. Select Treaties and Documents. Vol. XVIII. Oxford University Press. 1s. 6d. net.
 Myron, P. Our Chinese Chances Through Europe's War. Chicago: Linebarger Brothers. \$1.50 net.
 Oldfather, William A., and Canter, Howard V. The Defeat of Varus. Urbana, Ill.: University of Illinois. 75 cents net.

Prince, M. The Psychology of the Kaiser. Boston: Badger. 60 cents net.
 Proceedings of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. Madison, Wis.: State Historical Society. \$1 net.
 Smith, G. C. M. Henry Tubbe. Vol. 5. Oxford Historical and Literary Studies. Oxford University Press. 6s. 6d. net.
 Smith, T. F. A. The Soul of Germany. Doran. \$1.25 net.
 The Preston & Virginia Papers. Madison, Wis.: State Historical Society. \$1.50 net.
 Tout, T. F. The Place of the Reign of Edward II in English History. Longmans. \$3.50 net.
 Unwin, R. The War, and What After? Garden City Press.
 Weaver, L. Memorials and Monuments. Scribner. \$5 net.
 Young, Alexander. A Short History of Belgium and Holland. London: Unwin. 5s. net.

POETRY.
 Foulke, W. D. Some Love Songs of Petrarch. Oxford University Press. 3s. net.
 Taylor, Rebecca N. Songs of Hope. Sherman French. 75 cents net.

SCIENCE.

Graves, Lucien C. The Natural Order of Spirit. Sherman, French. \$1.50 net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Blackmar, Frank W., and Gillin, John L. Outlines of Sociology. Macmillan. \$2 net.
 Boynton, Percy H. Principles of Composition. Ginn. \$1 net.
 Cunliffe, J. W., and Lomer, G. R. Writing To-day: Models of Journalistic Prose. Cunliffe. \$1.50.

Just Out

Young and Schwartz's Elementary Geometry

By J. W. YOUNG, Professor of Mathematics in Dartmouth College, and A. J. SCHWARTZ, William McKinley High School, St. Louis. (American Mathematical Series.) x + 218 pp. 12mo. \$1.00.

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